

Case Closed

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Category: Queer as Folk

Genre: Crime

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 07:22:59

Updated: 2016-04-26 21:29:58

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:41:24

Rating: K+

Chapters: 6

Words: 28,904

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What if Jason Kemp was murdered by someone else and that Reichert's suicide was not a suicide. Brian and Justin need help and Brian knows where to get it. This is a crossover with NCIS.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*I have never done a crossover with NCIS before so this will be my first story on them. This will be AU because I can't write canon, never have and never will. I like the way I write my characters. There will be male pairings but no sex scenes. There will be kissing and cuddling but nothing else.\*\*

\*\*This is a crossover with NCIS. I wanted Brian and Justin to have some help solving this case and maybe get some training on how to work a case. Tony DiNozzo from NCIS and Brian were opponents when each were in university. Brian took up basketball in the winter. Him and Tony became good friends after they graduated. \*\*

\*\*I'm going to mix up the timelines with the two shows. As you know, Brian lost his job and Justin was kicked out of PIFA. Brian didn't lose everything. He got his money out of his partnership with Vanguard. This took place in Season 4 Episode 1. This story starts six months later.\*\*

\*\*As for NCIS, their timeline, Season 12, will coincide with Queer As Folk Season 4. I still has Ziva David in it. Tony has been with NCIS for twelve years.\*\*

### Chapter 1

Brian went for a walk which lead him to the park by the river. He needed to do some thinking about what he was going to do with his life now. He knew that bringing Stockwell down was going to cost him his job. At least he wasn't broke after doing those adverts on the television stations. He got his share of Vanguard which didn't make Vance Gardner happy knowing he was going to have to put up the money

himself but it wasn't Brian's fault. He knew the type of man Stockwell was and he wasn't going to see him in office if he could help it.

NCIS/QAF

Justin went home after having lunch with Emmett. As he entered the loft, he noticed that it was quiet.

"Brian?"

Justin looked for Brian when he came upon a note on the counter:

J

\_Gone for a walk to think. Be back in a bit.\_

B

Justin smiled knowing that this was what Brian needed: time to be by himself and to think of his future. This was one thing that Justin thought about. He didn't know what he was going to do so he still had his apartment from when him and Brian broke up. He then converted it into a studio for his art. There were still projects that he wanted to finish up and maybe get Sidney Bloom to sell them.

Justin was brought out of his thoughts when he heard the buzzer from downstairs.

"Yes?"

"\_I have a registered letter for a Justin Taylor.\_"

"That's me. I'll be right down." Justin grabbed his keys and locked up then went down in the elevator to sign for the letter.

After he signed for it , he stared at the envelope. The return address was the St. James Academy.

"Now why would someone send me a letter from that Godforsaken place?" Justin whispered to himself. He ripped into the envelope as he went into the elevator to go to the top floor.

Somehow he got inside the loft, closed the door and then sat on the sofa to read it.

Dear Justin:

You don't know me but I knew you when we went to school together.\_

I am not going to sign this because I don't want to get myself involved. I know that by writing this letter that I am involving myself but I don't want to get involved after this.\_

I'm also gay. I could never come out in school like you did. I envied you when you came out. I took your small course on safe sex.\_

\_Anyways, what I'm going to tell you will blow your mind. I knew all about Chris Hobbs being a closet case. He told me what you did to him when he was punished and told to clean out the equipment room.

\_What Chris did to you during your last school year was terrible. But it was during the prom that I saw you in love. When that gorgeous guy walked into that room, he owned it. As you both danced, I watched as the love flowed between the two of you and the way that you danced. It was like watching Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing in those black and white movies. And the way he kissed you at the end of the song, that's when I knew he loved you.\_

\_Anyways, I'm getting off track. The reason that I'm sending you this letter is that I know who murdered Jason Kemp. It was not that detective as everyone said.\_

\_I was there the night he was murdered. I saw it all. I was following Chris because I fell in love with him. He didn't know that I was behind him when he came upon Jason in that alley. I knew that Jason was a prostitute but what Chris did to him was not right. After Chris had sex with him, I was concerned for Jason. But what I saw made me sick. He took off a condom, tied it and put it in his pocket. He didn't want anyone to know he was the last one that Jason was with. Chris just dumped his body in that dumpster behind the restaurant. After I watched Chris leave, I went to see if Jason was all right. That's when I got scared when I found out he killed him. I don't know why he did that.\_

\_There's one thing that you should know. There was a rumor that was going around when I was a kid that shocked my parents. It turns out that Chris Hobbs is not who he says he is. It was said in hush tones that he was the son of Reichert . Yes, you heard me right. I know that you have Reichert's DNA because of what Hunter did. \_

\_I know all about what Brian Kinney did in finding out who murdered Jason and what Hunter did to get the DNA from Reichert . The police think that Reichert was the one who murdered Jason but he wasn't. You need to get Chris' DNA checked out with Reichert's. You'll find that there are markers in their DNA that will make them family. Yes, I know all about this because with Jason's murder, I went into forensic sciences. I know I couldn't help Jason but I can help others get justice.\_

\_While your at it, I think that Reichert was also murdered. He would never commit suicide thinking that he was the one that murdered Jason being that he didn't wear a condom. A cop would never take his own life because of what he did. Reichert maybe a closet case but I can't see him killing himself. I know he was Stockwell's partner. I wouldn't put it past Stockwell to kill Reichert so that he could gain popularity in being the next mayor. He didn't want any loose ends for when he was the next mayor. And with Reichert committing 'suicide' it would make Reichert the guilty party in murdering Jason. Stockwell wanted this case solved quickly so he placed the death of one man on another.\_

\_That's all I have to say. Show this letter to Brian. I know that he no longer has a job but maybe between the two of you, you both can give Jason the rest he needs. Besides, ask Brian about that other degree he has stashed in his little box in the closet. It will come

in handy knowing what he should be. He became quite the investigator when he was trying to find Jason's murderer.\_

\_Your friend always.\_

After Justin read the note, he was stunned. He tried to think about who it was that wrote this letter but his mind was coming up blank. This was something that he needed Brian to read. Getting on his cell phone he called Brian.

"Brian, I need you to come home. I have something that is going to blow your mind." Justin left a message. He knew Brian would call him back.

It wasn't two minutes later that Brian walked into the loft.

"What's the matter Justin?" Brian asked. "You sounded weird."

"Read this and then tell me what you think," Justin replied as he handed the letter over to Brian.

Brian took the letter and began to read. Justin watched his expression. When Brian smiled, Justin knew he got to the part of the dance. Then his expression changed into shock.

"Do you believe this?" Brian questioned.

"I don't know. It sounds like a mystery movie. What did that person in the letter mean when he wrote, '\_ask Brian about that other degree he has stashed in his little box in the closet'?'\_

"Well, when I was at Carnegie-Melon, I needed to get a minor. So I thought that having a criminology minor would be fun. Instead, I got a Bachelor's Degree in Criminal Justice. Then I would have something to fall back on if things went south. Well, I guess things went south. So while I was out this morning, I thought, 'why not'. And I think this letter is real. I've been thinking about this case since it happened a year ago. Something was off about this case since I brought that DNA to Horvath. Also the talk we had with Reichert."

"Yeah, now that I think about it, it does seem odd." Justin went to the fridge to get water for them both. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to dust off my degree and get to work. Want to do some detective work since your not in school?" Brian asked.

"Why not, Jason Kemp needs closure and we could do a lot of help to make sure his family gets the closure it needs. Let's get to work."

"First let me make one phone call," Brian said he started to dial. "Hey, Tony, how's it going?"

"Fine, listen I could use your help. I'm going to dust my other degree off and become a private investigator. I'm going to investigate a death and I could use some help. I know who you work for. Interested? I know you have access to police cases and this one stinks. It's the one about Jason Kemp and Kenneth Reichert."

"Okay, we'll grab a flight out tomorrow. I'm bringing my partner with me. We'll see you tomorrow. Thanks." Brian closed his cell. "Now we can go."

He got his jacket and tossed Justin his own jacket. "Let's go to Horvath with this letter and maybe get a copy of the case file they have. I know that when a case is closed, it becomes public knowledge. Let's go." He picked up his briefcase.

Justin stashed the letter in his pocket and they left for the police station.

"Call the airport and see if we can get a flight to DC for tomorrow," Brian stated.

"Why DC?" Justin asked. It wasn't until he realized that Brian was talking to a man called Tony.

"Tony, the one I was with on the phone?" Brian replied. "Well, he's a Special Agent for NCIS which stands for Naval Criminal Investigative Services. Him and I go way back."

Justin got on his phone and a few minutes later he hung up. "We got a flight for 9 AM. That will give us time to look over the file tonight and then pack."

"We'll get a room for about a week once we get to DC. I have no idea where to stay. I'll ask Tony when we get there."

When they arrived at the police station, Brian noticed that there were a few officers that he recognized when they were trying to get Stockwell from being the next mayor.

They both entered the station and went up to the sergeant behind the desk.

"Hi, I'm Brian Kinney and this is Justin Taylor. I wonder if we can see Captain Horvath?"

"Have a seat and I'll see what I can do," the sergeant replied.

Brian couldn't believe that he was treated nicely by this officer. A few minutes later he turned his head and saw Carl walk up to him.

"Brian, what can I do for you?" Carl asked as he shook his hand.

"Can we talk in your office?" Brian asked.

"Sure," Carl replied. He made his way to his office and showed with his hand for them to take a seat. "Now what's this about?" Carl closed the door, offered Brian coffee and Justin water.

"I guess you know by now that I was the one who destroyed Stockwell's campaign? Well, since I no longer work for Vanguard Advertising, I thought I would give my other degree a workout."

"And what is that?" Carl questioned as he took his seat.

"Well, I have a Bachelor's Degree in Criminal Justice and I'm going to open my own PI office. Now that you have closed the case on Jason Kemp, we would like to look at the file and any x-rays that were taken during the autopsy?"

Carl looked at Brian and Justin with a disturbed look on his face.

"I'm going to tell you something. I never have breathed a word to anyone about this since that case was closed. I think it was handled wrong so that certain people were not implicated. I think Stockwell had something to do with Reichert's suicide. I also know that Reichert was bi-sexual. He had a fascination for young men. I also think that Reichert didn't kill Jason. We should have had an outside investigation done on both those cases."

"We got a very strange letter in the mail today," Justin said. "It was strange since the writer of the letter said that it was Chris Hobbs that killed Jason and that Stockwell killed Reichert." Justin pulled the letter out of his jacket and handed it over to Carl.

Carl read the letter and then looked to the two men. "Why does Chris Hobbs sound familiar?"

"He was the one who bashed Justin at his prom," Brian replied. "As we were driving over, I thought with that much anger in him who's to say that he would continue with his escapades and go further into murdering someone. Especially someone in the gay community. He was a closet case meaning that he was a gay man but didn't say it out loud. There's something about this case that has bugged me since I gave you Reichert's DNA. Also did you noticed in the letter that the writer said that Reichert and Hobbs could be father and son?"

"Yeah, I saw that," Carl replied. "So are you going to look into this situation because I think that with some outside help this could blow up in my face if I investigate this. What are you going to do?"

"I was wondering if we could have a copy of both files, the autopsy files along with their x-rays. I know of a man in DC that is a world renown medical examiner to study this case. He was a guest speaker in a few of my classes at Carnegie. He works for NCIS. They solve crimes for marines and naval personnel."

"Okay, I have a copy of those files I can let you have. I'll talk with the medical examiner here and get you the file of the autopsies and x-rays. Hell, let me call him right now." Carl got on the phone. A few minutes later there was a knock at his door. "Come in."

"Captain, I have those files for you," the ME replied. "Everything is in there on Jason Kemp and Reichert. May I ask why you need them?"

"I want an outside investigation done on these," Carl replied. "I want to make sure that we caught the right men."

"Sounds good to me," the ME replied. "I think that's what should have been done in the first place. I wasn't the one who did the autopsies

on these two. I believe that some of the officers were in Stockwell's pocket as well as the previous medical examiner. Do you need the evidence also?"

"Yes that would be great. Can you get them for me without questions?"

"I can do that. They won't question me if I get it but they might if it was an officer or you." The ME left to get the evidence.

"Do you have a forensic scientist set up for the evidence? I know of someone you might use. Her name is Abigail Scuito. She's the best in her field. She's also at the NCIS building. So you will be killing two birds with one stone. She gave a seminar on how to gather evidence in Pittsburgh when I became captain here."

"That sounds great," Brian said.

Just then a knock on the door was heard again.

"Come," Carl said. He knew it was the ME returning.

"I got all the evidence in lockup." He placed a box on the desk. "Are you taking these out of the city?" The ME looked at Brian.

"Yes, I'm taking them to DC," Brian replied. "Is there any way to seal them up so that no other evidence gets into them?"

"Yes," the ME replied. "I got a sealed box for them. You can travel with them when you get to the airport. Security will ask what's in the box but I will have sealed the box with red tape and my initials on the tape. I will have a letter for you to take. You should have no problem in shipping it to DC." The ME proceeded to box up the evidence with the red tape around the box.

"Carl, could I ask for a favor?" Brian asked.

"Anything," Carl replied.

"I need to get my PI identification. Can you cut through the red tape for me to get it today?"

"I can't see why not. Let's go to the county clerk's office to get things rolling."

Carl took the evidence and hid it in one of his cupboards. All four of the men left Carl's office. Carl took out his keys and locked the door. He watched as a few officers in the pen stared at him wondering what's going on.

"I'll have that letter for you when you get back," the ME stated.

"Thanks for all your help," Brian replied.

Carl, Brian and Justin entered the county court house and Carl led them to a desk.

"I'm Captain Carl Horvath of the Pittsburgh Police Department. Can we talk to someone in charge?"

"Sure," the clerk said. He got on the phone to his boss. "I have a Captain Carl Horvath here to see you. Okay." He hung up the phone. "Just go through that door and enter the second door on your right. Mr. Ken Moore will see you."

"Thanks," Carl replied. They made their way to Ken's office. Carl knew of Ken. When he opened the door, Brian and Justin entered the room. "Ken, good to see you. Let me introduce you to these men. This is Brian Kinney and Justin Taylor."

"Nice to meet you," Ken replied. "What can I do for you?"

"Ken, Brian Kinney needs a private detectives license. I've asked him to take a closer look at the Jason Kemp murder and Reichert's suicide. I need outside help on this so I have asked Brian to see what he can come up with."

"I thought there was something not right with those cases. It seemed the police department wanted those cases closed quick. So you want me to cut through the red tape?"

"Yes if that is possible."

"If I do this then you will have to come back and get the process done through legally. Are you traveling out of the city?" Ken looked right at Brian.

"Yes," Brian replied. "I want to go to DC where I need help with the autopsy. We'll be there for a week so that there is no rush on the evidence we need to present to the authorities. Can you get me a temporary one for about three weeks?"

"How about I do this. I will set you up with a permanent license now. But when this case is over, I want you to come in and get the legal one. Do you have a Bachelor's in Criminology degree?"

"No, but I do have a Bachelor's in Criminal Justice. Will that be sufficient?" Brian asked.

"Yes, that is perfect. Do you have 3 years experience working in law enforcement?"

"No, do I need that?"

"Yes, but since you are with a Captain of the Police Department, we'll bypass that."

"Can you vouch for him, Carl?"

"Yes, I will vouch for him. He brought me evidence on the case of Jason Kemp which may have turned out that it wasn't Reichert that killed Kemp. It may have been tampered with."

"Now let's get started on the process."

Ken pulled out forms and for the next two hours, Brian answered all of Ken's questions. He paid the license fee and paid for the license. Brian got his photo taken for the badge and his fingerprints were imputed into AFIS.

Brian sat there with the license and a badge in his hands. He couldn't believe that he was now a private investigator.

"Thank you for doing this." Brian rose from his desk and shook his hand.

"I'll keep an eye out for you," Ken replied. "When you get this case done, come see me and we'll straighten out everything. We still need five signatures. Oh, and before I forget, we'll get you set up with the Pennsylvania Association of Licensed Investigators. They provide valuable information and networking opportunities within the state."

"Thanks again, Mr. Moore," Brian repeated. "When this case is closed, we'll return to get those things done."

"Now let's get back to my office and get everything together for you." Carl rose and faced Ken. "I owe you."

"Damn straight," Ken replied and chuckled. "If he can solve this case, we'll celebrate. I think this case was solved too fast in my opinion."

"We think so too," Carl replied. "We'll talk later."

"See you soon," Ken stated looking at Brian. Somehow this man had a head on his shoulders for this. It was just a feeling Ken was getting from looking at him.

The three men left the county court house and made their way back to the police station. When they arrived at Carl's office, Carl unlocked his office and closed the door.

"Now, do you have a flight for tomorrow?" Carl.

"Yes," Justin replied. "We're booked on a flight for 9 AM."

"Good. Before you go to the airport, come see me and I'll have the evidence ready so that you can take it on the flight. When security sees the red tape they will handle it with care. Plus you will have the letter from our ME about the evidence."

"Thanks Carl for all your help," Brian said as he rose from his chair and shook Carl's hand. "I need to make a few more phone calls before we leave."

"If you need anything at all, don't hesitate to call," Carl stated. "If you can solve this case then maybe I can send some work your way."

"Thanks, Carl," Justin replied.

"What are you going to be doing, Justin?" Carl asked.

"I'm going to be his partner," Justin smirked. "With our two brains, how can we go wrong."

"Carl, could I ask for another favor?" Brian asked.

"Name it."

"I need an office. Someplace close so that if I get cases from you, I will be close to downtown. I hate asking for favors. I'm going to ask Cynthia Moore to come work for me. I know she won't let me down."  
"

"That's okay, Brian. I'll look into it while you're in DC. Do you want something cheap or upscale?"

"Upscale. If I get something cheap, people won't take me seriously."

"Right, I'll do that. Miss Moore can help me. Now get out of here before my men think there is a conspiracy going on in here. I hope you can solve this one."

"Thanks again Carl," Brian replied and shook his hand. "I'll drop by first thing in the morning for that box and letter. See you then."

"Take care." Carl then reached for the two files. "Brian take these. You might as well get up to date on these before you go."

Brian opened his briefcase and put the two files inside. He nodded before leaving the office.

Brian and Justin went back to the loft and Brian made another phone call.

"Cynthia, my main girl," Brian began, "how would you like to work for me? Come over and we'll talk. Okay, see you then."

"Well, is she going to take your offer?" Justin asked as he pulled out suitcases for them.

"She's on her way over," Brian replied. "She can be our assistant. I'll get her to help Carl look for spaces. She knows what I like. Then while we're gone, she can set up the office. I'll give her my credit card so she can get everything done."

"Sounds like a plan," Justin said. "You should call Deb and tell her we'll be out of town for a week. Deb will get worried when she doesn't see you show up at the diner."

"Right. Wouldn't want her yelling at me when I return." Brian got on the phone and called Deb.

After talking to Deb, he heard the intercom from downstairs. Brian buzzed her up knowing it was Cynthia. Opening the door, Brian watched as she got off the elevator.

"Now what's this about?" Cyn asked.

"I'm opening my own private investigator's agency," Brian began as he got them all water. All three took seats. "I'm going to open up the Jason Kemp case. Will you come work for us?"

"Wow!" Cyn exclaimed. "This is a far cry from owning your own advertising company. Yes, I will come work for you. What made you

think of doing that?"

"I got this letter in the mail," Justin began to say as he handed over the letter. "Brian's decided to dust off his other degree in Criminal Justice. We're going to look into this case and Reichert's suicide. Carl Horvath thinks that something stinks with this case. There was no outside investigation when it came to Reichert's case."

"Yeah, I know how you feel," she replied. "I thought that case was solved to damn fast. Now what do you need from me?"

"I want you to take this credit card," Brian handed over his card. "Carl is going to help us find some offices. He said that he can help you with that and then get everything to furnish it. We're going to DC to get some help on the autopsy and evidence in this case. I know of some people who can help. We'll be gone for about a week. Which reminds me, I need to call Tony DiNozzo back. He can talk to his boss to see if we can get help. Then I can get him to patch me through to Dr. Mallard and see if I can pick his brain with the autopsy."

"You get that done Brian and I'll order lunch for all three of us," Cyn stated. "I'll sit at your desk and get things rolling for the office."

"Sure," Brian replied as he pulled out his phone to make the calls.

After Brian made his calls he told Cynthia to change the locks on the loft. He then told her that no one was to get a key but her. She could use the loft for home base until her and Carl found offices for them.

Justin was packing for the two of them and if he knew Brian, then he wouldn't want many suits because he would be shopping.

After packing and eating lunch, Cynthia left to do other things. Brian and Justin poured over the two case files that they acquired from Carl. They wanted to know the case inside and out. Brian knew with Justin's memory that he would retain information when they needed it. Justin would be able to know what he read.

They closed up the files and headed for bed.

TBC

## 2. Chapter 2

### \*\*CHAPTER 2\*\*

When they woke up in the morning, they showered and dressed. After having coffee and toast, they left for the police department. They picked up the parcel from Carl with the letter from the ME. Brian noticed a business card attached and put it in his pocket. They had no problem getting the box on the flight.

Upon arriving in DC, Brian and Justin saw a sign with their name on it being held by a tall man with impeccable good looks.

When Tony saw Brian, he had the biggest smile on his face.

"Carney!" Tony shouted.

"Buckeye!" Brian yelled back.

Tony dropped the sign when his arms went around Brian. It was great to have one of his closest friends in his arms. He missed him a whole lot.

"How have you've been?" Tony asked then looked to Brian's left. "And who is this luscious man?"

"Hands off!" Brian exclaimed putting his arm around Justin. "He's mine and besides, your straight. This is Justin Taylor and my partner in life and business. Justin, I would like to introduce you to one of my oldest friends. This here is Special Agent Tony DiNozzo. When I played soccer in the summer, I would play basketball in the winter to stay fit. That's where I met this man."

"Nice to meet you Tony." Justin held out his hand but then he was encased in a hug.

"Justin, great to meet you. I hope you're taking care of Brian. He is high maintenance when it comes to clothes."

"Don't I know it and I wouldn't have it any other way."

"After your call, I did some digging of my own into this case and I agree with you that something is 'hinky' as Abby would say. There should have been an outside investigation done. Even at NCIS we have outside help when one of our own is in trouble. Now, do you have a place to stay?"

"I was going to ask you for a name of a great hotel," Brian said.

"Well Brian," Tony replied. "I have an extra bedroom that you both can use while you're in town. Might be better because then you have me to enter onto the Navy Yard when coming and going. You don't carry a gun do you Brian?"

"No," Brian replied. "Not at the moment. I might not get one period. I hate guns. You do realize that I'm gay?"

"Good then we won't have problems. No, I have no trouble with that. But when we are at the Navy Yard, don't advertise it. Some are still a little sticky about 'Don't Ask, Don't Tell'. Tell anyone who asks that your partners in business. Let's get your luggage and get out of here."

"First we need to stop at security," Brian stated. "We have an evidence box. I have a letter to show to get the box."

"You brought the case files with you?" Tony asked as they headed to security.

"Yes and evidence on both cases," Brian replied.

Upon entering Security, Tony greeted the man in charge.

"Steve, nice to see you." Tony shook his hand.

"Tony good to see you. What can I do for you?"

"This here is Brian Kinney and Justin Taylor. They have a police evidence box to pick up. They've come for help on a case. Do you have it ready?"

"Yeah, right here." Steve handed over the box. "I see here there is a letter that will collaborate that these gentlemen are the owners of this box."

"Got it right here," Brian stated as he pulled out a sheet of paper from his breast pocket. "I'm also a licensed private investigator." He then showed his badge.

"This is all in order," Steve said. "Good luck with the case, gentlemen."

"Thank you sir," Justin replied. "Let's go."

They stopped to get their luggage and arrived at Tony's car. Brian noticed it was a vintage Mustang. He smiled knowing that Tony liked vintage cars like he did. Brian pulled the front seat forward to let Justin enter the backseat. He watched as Tony placed the evidence box and luggage in the trunk and enter the driver's side.

"Can we go to NCIS and see your boss?" Brian asked.

"This is as good time as any," Tony replied. "We're working on cold cases right now. Let me check in with Vance." He got his cell out and called Vance. "Director, I have some detectives here that need our help. Can we come to your office and talk?"

Brian watched the smile on Tony's face and knew they were meeting his boss.

"We'll be there in twenty minutes," Tony replied and hung up. "Hold onto your seats."

They raced through the streets, wove between the vehicles and pulled up to the Navy Yard gate.

"Where the hell did you learn how to drive like that?" Brian asked trying to catch his breath.

"Learned from my boss and my partner," Tony answered. "When we have to get to a crime scene, we want to be the first ones on scene to make sure that evidence doesn't get lost or trampled. Now show your id's to this gentleman and we can go see my boss' boss."

"Hi Tony, new people?" Hank asked as he looked at the id's of the other two men. He then handed back the identifications.

"Yeah," Tony replied. "Friends from Pittsburgh."

Tony parked his car in the underground parking. He got the evidence box out of the trunk. "We need to go through security at the front of the building and they will give you visitors badges while you're

here."

The three men made their way through security as Tony place the evidence box on the scanner. "Brian?"

Brian handed over the letter from their ME and the box was not opened being they didn't need the evidence contaminated. Both he and Justin showed their id's to get visitor passes.

Tony picked up the box and they entered an elevator. "I'm going to ask my boss for some time off. You might need help with this one. I have had dirty cops that I dealt with in Baltimore and Philadelphia. I will know what to look for."

"That would be great, Tony. I definitely will need the help. I'm hoping to have Dr. Mallard look at the autopsy files. Their inside that box."

"How do you know Ducky?" Tony asked.

"He was a guest speaker at a few seminars that were included in the courses I took. Now that I think about it, I should have been a detective instead of going into advertising."

"Brian, you wouldn't have been happy. Besides, you made all that money to have the lifestyle you love. I can't see you buying off the rack when you look great in those suits." Justin looked at Brian as he said this. "Furthermore, you wouldn't have been able to take down Stockwell. He would have been our next mayor and then all the gay clubs would have been closed down. You couldn't do that as a cop."

The doors opened on the floor and Tony made his way to his desk with the box. "Boss, I would like to introduce you to one of my best friends. This is Brian Kinney and his partner Justin Taylor. They run a detective agency in Pittsburgh and need our help. Brian, Justin, this here is my boss Special Agent Leroy Jethro Gibbs."

"Nice to meet you," Gibbs replied and shook hands. "What can we do for you?"

"We have a meeting with the Director upstairs," Tony said. "You are needed also."

Tony picked up the box and led the way up to Vance's office. As they entered the outside office, he watched the secretary nod her head towards Vance's office. He watched Gibbs open the door and the four men entered. Tony set the box on the conference table and the four men stood in front of a desk. Tony made the introductions.

"Now what can I do for you two gentlemen?" Vance asked.

"First, I want to thank you for meeting us," Brian began to say. "I have been asked by the Captain of Pittsburgh Police Department to look into a case of a murder and a suicide."

"Let's have a seat and you can tell me the story," Vance said. He got coffee for all of them. He placed coffee in front of them as they took their seats at the conference table.

"I'm new at this detective stuff. I have a Bachelor Degree in Criminal Justice from Pittsburgh and I just opened my offices. I wanted to do something with my life after being fired from taking down a mayor-elected official. I was out the next morning when I thought about doing something for someone who was wrongly convicted."

"You took down James Stockwell?" Vance questioned.

"Yeah," Brian replied, surprised that someone in DC heard about it. "I need to tell you we're gay. It won't go further than this office. I was working for Vanguard Agencies that does advertising. I want you to realise that Jim Stockwell is the Chief of Police. I told my boss I didn't want the campaign but it brought in money. After being with Stockwell on his campaign run to see what the guy was made of, I found out that he was homophobic. I also found out that Justin was trying to make a laughing stock out of him. Stockwell was shutting down gay places so that he would get us off the streets. So between Justin and I, we put up posters to make his campaign weak. Stockwell came to the loft to talk and saw the posters on the floor of our loft. He didn't say anything and left. Just to let you know, I was standing there in the buff when this happened. That was when he found out that I was gay. My boss wanted to see me in his office in one hour. I went and found out I was fired. Then I came up with the idea of putting together an advertisement to discredit Stockwell. I showed how he was a homophobe and what the police were doing about the murder of Jason Kemp. The only person who knew I was responsible for the advertisement was Justin. He recognized my work. That got the gay community together and with the extra votes, Stockwell was voted out and Deakins was made mayor. During that time, there was a murder of a gay young boy. My surrogate mother found him in her dumpster behind the diner that gays frequent. Anyways, I had some help from a young friend and he got DNA evidence from the man that was accused of the murder. It came in a condom. I took it to the Captain and he said he couldn't do anything with it. Horvath said it could have come from a number of people. Anyways, a few days later, Reichert, the so called murderer, was found hung in his garage. Reichert was Stockwell's former partner."

"That is some story." Vance was flabbergasted. "How can we help?"

"Yesterday, we received a letter in the mail," Justin stated as he pulled the letter out of his pocket. "It made sense when we went to talk to Captain Horvath. It says that we should look further into the DNA of both Reichert and a Christopher Hobbs. He was a classmate of mine that bashed me after prom. We think that if he had that much anger then he would do something stupid, maybe murder Jason Kemp. Chris was a closet case. He hid being gay from everyone but it seemed he liked traveling the streets of Liberty Avenue."

Vance, Tony and Gibbs all read the letter.

"I heard from Carl that there is an Abigail Scuito working here that could do wonders with DNA and evidence." Brian looked around the table.

"Abby is the best in her field," Gibbs stated. "You'd be surprised what she can come up with. You can meet her later."

"Now, tell me your theory on this case, Brian," Vance asked.

"I've been doing some thinking on the plane after reading the files and I have come up with a theory. It would seem to me that Chris was in love with Reichert. When he found out that Reichert liked young men and was involved with Jason Kemp, Chris murdered Kemp after having sex with him. He must have used a condom because there is no evidence of him being with Jason. The only DNA found on the victim was Reichert's. He didn't use a condom. Now Reichert is a different murder. I think that when Stockwell found out that his ex-partner 'murdered' Jason Kemp, he must have done something to Reichert because there was no ligature marks on Reichert's neck. From what I read in the file, there should have been ligature marks consistent with a hanging."

"That's a good theory," Vance stated. "Exactly why did you come to us?"

"I knew that Tony, here, worked for NCIS. I read up on what you do for this branch of crimes. Plus, Carl Horvath thinks that there should have been outside help on this case. There should have never been any in-house investigation done on a retired cop. With the cops thinking that Reichert committed suicide it was a closed case. But I think that Stockwell murdered him to shut him up. No one implicated Stockwell to murdering anyone. If we can find that Stockwell murdered Reichert then we can have him arrested. He might be a family man but he is a dirty cop."

"Think we should get Fornell involved in this?" Tony asked.

"Who's Fornell?" Justin asked.

"He works for the FBI," Tony replied. "He could look into Stockwell for us if he did commit murder. The FBI look into murders that deal with police officers. They should have been involved even if this Reichert was retired."

"Do what you think," Brian said. "I'm only interested in getting justice for Jason Kemp. He might have been a prostitute but he deserves to be laid to rest."

"Good," Vance replied. "Tony take Mr. Kinney and Mr. Taylor here to Miss Scuito with the evidence. I want to talk to Gibbs."

"Right away, Director," Tony obeyed and picked up the evidence box.

After the three men left Gibbs turned to Vance . "Do you think we need to call Fornell?"

"I think so," Vance replied. "If this is a cop killing a cop, they need to look into this. There could be something else that is dirty about this cop. With Stockwell being the Chief of Police, he could have got some people in his pocket and got evidence lost or eliminated from the case. Call him."

Gibbs call Fornell with an invite to the building.

Meanwhile, Tony was introducing Brian and Justin to Abby.

"Abby, Vance has given these men permission to use our facilities. Are you busy right now with any case?"

"No," Abby excitedly said. "I need to work. What have you got for me?"

Brian handed her the box. "This is evidence from a case we are working on from Pittsburgh. The case stinks and we need your expertise on this. My Captain at the police department, Carl Horvath told us about you. We also need you to find out if Christopher Hobbs, in this case, is related to Reichert that's also in the same case."

"I know Carl Horvath," Abby replied. Her ponytails bounced as she walked over to the box sitting on her table in the lab. "I taught a course to them about evidence and crime scenes."

"Abs, we need your best on this," Tony stated as he smiled.

"I will get right on this. You will have results in two to three days. With the DNA, it will take that long. Do you have any DNA from Christopher Hobbs?"

"No, but check the sample that was taken from Jason Kemp," Brian stated. "The only DNA that was present was Reichert's since he didn't wear a condom. There is also a sample of Reichert's DNA in there that was not on Jason's body. Chris was with Jason just after Reichert. Condoms are never one hundred percent safe. If Chris used one, he could have used a weak one. A closet case never checks to see if the condoms are of good grade. As long as they have one, they think they won't break. But I know they do."

"How do you know?" Abby asked.

"I'm what you would call the 'King of Liberty Avenue' in Pittsburgh," Brian whispered.

"You're that 'Brian Kinney'?" Abby asked.

"Yeah," Brian breathed. "You've heard about me?"

"Yeah, when I was in Pittsburgh. I went down to Liberty Avenue after that seminar and heard all about you. Nothing bad mind you but you're a legend."

"Thanks. Abby, I need two files from that box for Dr. Mallard."

Abby got a file ready for this new case. She got an evidence sheet out. "Brian, I need you to sign this as to make this legal. What this is, is a chain of evidence so that if this goes to court it makes everything legal and that it is not tampered with. I see this box has police tape on it so when you give it to me, it becomes evidence to be tested by my babies."

Abby then got out a camera and took pictures of the box with the evidence tape intact and the initials of the ME from Pittsburgh. She then got out a knife and cut the seals. After opening the box, she looked inside and pulled out two files.

"I now need you to sign this form so that it shows you took two files

from the box. I will then make a list of the evidence from the box and then begin work."

Brian signed the sheet.

"We need to see Ducky," Tony stated. "He said he would help with the autopsy."

"You couldn't find anyone better at his job," Abby stated. "He's the best. Now let me get to work." Abby then shooed them out.

The three men left the lab and made their way to the morgue.

"Ducky?" Brian questioned.

"To his friends, he's Ducky," Tony said as they entered autopsy.

"Ducky, I would like to introduce one of my best friends and his partner."

"Mr. Brian Kinney," Ducky started to say with his hand out. "It is good to see you again, my dear boy. How have you been?"

"Fine, Dr. Mallard." Brian was shocked. "You remember who I am?"

"Well yes. When you were in my lectures the girls surrounded you as did some men if I recall. You always sat dead centre of the classroom to have a better view of the board. But I knew what you were pulling. You wanted my attention and you got it. Now what can I do for you, young man?"

"I never knew I had made such an impression on you," Brian said. He told Ducky the story on everything and handed over the autopsy files. "What I need is your expertise on the autopsies. I haven't looked at these files but something stinks about them. I did look at the detective files and one thing I spotted on Reichert's file was that there was no bruises around the neck. Now if what I remember from my class is if a person who hangs themselves, the blood pools above the rope and should produce ligature marks."

"You're quite right, Brian," Ducky stated. 'The blood has no where to go so it pools around the rope. Now anything else you recognise?" He wanted to see if Brian remembered his class.

"Yes, according to the pictures of Reichert's eyes there is no pin points of blood. What is that called again?"

"Petechial hemorrhaging. Again you're right." Ducky was looking at the autopsy file on Reichert . "They classified this as a suicide? This is preposterous. Who did the investigation on this file?"

"The police did an in-house investigation," Brian stated. "Captain Carl Horvath said that there should have been an outside investigation done."

"If I know the Boss and the Director, they have the FBI involved in this," Tony stated.

"I will see what I can do about this," Ducky stated.

"Ducky, I also have the business card of the medical examiner in Pittsburgh," Brian replied as he handed over the card. "He told me that he was not the one who worked on these cases but he could help with anything you need."

"Thank you, my dear boy," Ducky said. "Now I must get to work. Does Abby have the evidence to this case?"

"Yes she does Ducky," Tony answered.

"Good." Ducky brought up his stool and opened the file on Jason Kemp.

The three men left Ducky and headed for the bullpen. Upon arriving, Brian saw an older gentleman talking to Gibbs and Vance. Tony made the introductions.

"Brian Kinney and Justin Taylor, I want you to meet Special Agent Tobias Fornell from the FBI. Fornell, this is Brian Kinney and Justin Taylor from Pittsburgh."

"I always wanted to meet the man who took down the Chief of Police from being Mayor. How are you?"

"Fine," Brian replied as he shook his hand. "How is it that everyone here knows about Stockwell?"

"When you work for law enforcement agencies, we get all the news about them," Tony replied. He then looked to Fornell. "I guess you're here about Stockwell."

"Yes, DiNutso, sorry Tony. Bad habit."

"That's okay, Fornell." Tony said. "Now about Stockwell."

"Well from what I've heard from Director Vance and Gibbs, we might have a case. If it looks like this Stockwell person murdered his ex-partner then he will be arrested. What is he doing now?"

"He's still Chief of Police," Brian replied. "There was no implication that he was responsible for the murder so after he lost the election, he went back to being in charge of the officers."

"At least we know where he is when we arrest him," Fornell stated.  
"Now what do we know?"

Everyone took a seat.

"We know that Jason Kemp was murdered and dumped into a dumpster behind a diner in Pittsburgh," Brian began the story. "Reichert was convicted for the murder because he had an infliction for young men. He was having a love affair with a Christopher Hobbs."

"The man who hit you, Mr. Taylor?" Fornell asked.

"Yes," Justin whispered. "I was hit over the head at my prom by Hobbs. He was never convicted for the bashing as I was still in the

hospital and it was Brian's word against his. Brian thinks that if he had this much hate maybe Hobbs was the man who murdered Kemp because Kemp was having a fling with Reichert."

"What's your theory on this Brian?" Gibbs asked.

"I think that Hobbs could have killed Kemp. Justin and I were on Liberty Avenue one night when we came across Hobbs and his friends. So we know that he must have frequented the gay section often. He came down to Liberty Avenue and saw Reichert with Kemp. Hobbs then had sex with Kemp and in the process killed him. But he used a condom but knowing condoms like I do, it could have been weak and maybe semen leaked out. With Reichert, I think that Stockwell went to Reichert's and they had a drink. Being a police officer, he could have slipped him something in his drink to make Reichert pass out. He then took Reichert's body and made it look like Reichert hanged himself."

"That's a great theory," Vance stated. "Do you have any evidence to prove this?"

"We gave the evidence to Abby and Ducky," Brian stated. "Hopefully they can find something. We don't know about the drug used, if any. And no one would have looked to see if there were two sets of DNA inside Jason Kemp."

"They will find something if I know them," Tony said. "We have the best team when it comes to finding things."

"If my theory is right, then what happens?" Brian questioned.

"Then I will go and arrest Stockwell," Fornell responded. "I know it's not my jurisdiction but it will be my pleasure. I'll get a couple of men from the Pittsburgh office and we'll go arrest him."

"Why did you come to us?" Vance asked knowing the truth but wanted Fornell to know the story.

"Well, this needed to be done outside," Brian began. "Captain Horvath thought there should have been an outside investigation and not an in-house one. I knew that Tony, here, worked for NCIS and you guys have a great closing rate. One of the best in the US. I asked him for help. I hope I didn't step on anyone's shoes?"

"No, you did right," Gibbs replied. "I would have done the same in your shoes. How do you know Ducky?"

"He taught at a few seminars in Pittsburgh when I was getting my degree for Business. I got a Bachelor's Degree in Criminal Justice and that is what I'm doing now. This is my first case. It was closed by the Police Department and Horvath thought there was something not right about it. I've got my Private Investigator's license and I have a girl at home setting up offices for us. Justin is going to help me."

"There is a reason for that," Justin stated. "When Stockwell was running for mayor, I put posters together to discredit him. I was going to PIFA at the time. It's a school for becoming an artist. I was working at Brian's place of work as an intern. Anyways, Stockwell

Showed up at our loft and saw Brian with me and the posters on the floor. He left without a word but Brian's business partner, Gardner Vance, said he wanted to see Brian in his office in an hour. I went to school the next morning and found out that they expelled me. They wanted me to apologize but I was not going to apologize for something I believed in. Stockwell was a homophobic bastard that thought he could have things his way."

"I went to Gardner's office and found out I was fired," Brian began, "Gardner knew I was gay but it was the posters. I was furious that he was still supporting a homophobe for the election so I did something I didn't think would work. I went to get my share of the partnership from Gardner and he paid it out. Then I took some of that money and put together a kick ass advertisement for television to show the people who they were voting for. When all of Liberty Avenue found out what he was, their votes counted and Deakins was voted into office. Justin was the only one who knew that I was the one who put the campaign together. He recognized my work."

"You sure had guts to do something like that," Fornell declared. "By the way, Gibbs, where is David and McGee?"

"Their on assignment in New York," Gibbs replied. "Their talking to a witness in the murder we're working on."

"We're not holding you up in working a case?" Justin asked.

"No," Vance replied. "We needed some things clarified and their wrapping up the case. We're on stand down until then. Maybe we can help in the case. Is there anything you need right now?"

"No," Brian replied. "We brought all the evidence and files so I hope Ducky and Abby can come up with what they have."

"We've solved more cases with less," Tony replied.

Vance looked at his watch. "How about we call it a day. Ducky and Abby have their work cut for them and we could always have some down time."

"I have a place for these guys to stay," Tony said. "So let's go."

"Tony, my place for cowboy steaks," Gibbs said. He then looked for Fornell. "You, too. Vance you are also invited."

"No thanks Gibbs," Vance replied. "I have kids to go home to."

"I also have to decline," Fornell said. "I have Emily tonight."

"Okay," Gibbs said.

"I'll see you in two hours then," Tony said. He gathered up his backpack, took his gun and badge from the drawer and motioned for Brian and Justin to follow him.

They arrived at Tony's apartment half an hour later. He showed them the bedroom.

"Would either of you like coffee?" Tony asked.

"I would, thanks," Brian replied as he sat on the sofa.

"Water if you have it," Justin said as he sat beside Brian.

Tony got water for Justin and put on coffee for Brian and himself. "I see why you love Justin."

Justin blushed as Brian smiled and put his arm around Justin's shoulders.

"I do," Brian whispered as he kissed Justin's cheek. "He's been good for me. He came into my life when it was going out of control."

"So what have you've been up to and how did you two meet?" Tony handed Brian a coffee with three sugars and took a seat on the chair beside the sofa.

"The night I met Justin was the night my son was born. Justin even named him. His name is Gus by the way. The company Ryder Advertising I went to work for made me a bit of money. I bought my loft with my first bonus. Then Ryder promised me a partnership after two years. I was one of the best ad execs they had. Then he sold the business to Gardner Vance and he changed the name to Vanguard. He wanted me to prove to him that I could get the Brown's Athletics account, so I went to Chicago to get the account. I did get the account and he made me partner. The rest you know."

"I met Brian my first night on Liberty Avenue. He was my first. Brian came to my prom as my date. We danced one song and left to go to the parking lot. There, Hobbs bashed me in the head. I was in a coma for two weeks and rehab for six weeks. Brian helped with my therapy. We had troubles in our relationship but who doesn't. When things got straightened out, I went to PIFA to get my degree in becoming an artist. Things kind of went south. Then we got this letter and it sent us here."

"Wow, that is some life," Tony stated. "Now for another coffee then we'll head to Gibbs' for supper."

"What's been going on with you, Tony?" Brian asked.

"Well, since I graduated, I've worked in Peoria, Illinois, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. That's where I met Gibbs. He tackled me while he was undercover. He then offered me a job when I found out that I had a dirty partner. Then a letter was mailed to NCIS that contained the Bubonic Plague. Yes, you heard me right. Gibbs found out there was a time release on the powder so I lived. But it came with a medical condition: my lungs are scared. I can't get sick or I'm in the hospital. I have a doctor here, Dr. Brad Pitt. Yes, I know, he's a doctor not the actor. He's also the man that ended my career in becoming professional: he broke my knee. Now he's paying for it by keeping me out of trouble. Anyways, I've been shot many times, had concussions, broke ribs, you name it but I'm still here. Lost partners, gained new friends and I wouldn't leave my team for anything. I love my job. Now we should be going to supper. You have to taste Gibbs' cowboy steaks at least once."

They went to Tony's car, made their way to the liquor store for beer

and headed to Gibbs' place. Tony walked right in with the other two men.

"Hey Jet," Tony announced as he made his way into the kitchen. He put the beer into the fridge and took four out. He gave one to Brian, one to Justin, and left one on the counter beside Gibbs then took a sip from his own.

"Hey," Gibbs replied as his arms went around Tony and he kissed him.

"Whoa, whoa, wait a minute here," Brian exclaimed. "You're not gay Tony."

"I am since I met Gibbs," Tony replied. "We fell in love not long after I tackled him. We knew from the start but it was six months later we confessed our feelings. We keep it out of the office because of 'Don't Ask, Don't Tell'. Abby and Ducky know and so does Fornell. They don't mind. They are actually happy for us. We never show our feelings because we don't want Vance to have the idea of breaking us up again."

"Again?" Brian questioned.

"Yeah," Tony whispered as he looked to Jethro and saw the nod. "A while back, we did something stupid on a case. Next thing we know the team was spread out. I went to being Agent Afloat on two ships. Jet, here, got a new team. It was later that I found out that we were looking for a double agent. It turned out that the daughter of the agent was kidnapped and held if the agent wasn't told what to do. We lost two agents at the time including her. Anyway, Jet made sure that we were not going to be separated again. This team has the highest solve rate ever. We don't want any reason for Vance to break us up again."

"Is that DADT ever going to go away for the forces?" Justin asked.

"They are in the process of obliterating it as we speak," Tony replied. "Until that happens, we keep it secret. We live in separate places until it is no more."

"I get it," Brian stated. "Where we live we don't have that problem. I had clients with Ryder that knew I was gay. They didn't mind. Now, how about those steaks?"

Jet took out the steaks and placed them on a rack situated inside the fireplace.

"This is the way you cook steaks?" Brian asked.

"You haven't tasted one of these before," Tony said licking his lips. "It's like tasting a steak cooked outdoors."

They sat at the table and dug in. As the first piece of steak passed Brian's lips, his taste buds exploded. It was the most exquisite taste he'd ever known next to Justin.

"This is incredible!" Brian exclaimed. "Wow!"

"I agree," Justin replied. "I've had many steaks when I was younger but this is the best."

"Told you," Tony replied.

After they ate, they all went into the living room to enjoy another beer. Talk was of personal time but never about cases. After a while, Tony kissed Jet.

"How about you show these two DC tomorrow?" Jethro asked. "Then tomorrow night, you all can come here and we can teach you two young private detectives on how to do your job properly." He then turned to Brian. "Would you like to learn how to work a case? We can teach you. Between Tony and I, you will have the best solve rate that Pittsburgh will ever see. Maybe you can solve one of our cold cases."

"Cold cases?" Tony asked eagerly. "Did someone say cold cases? I love cold cases!"

"Cold cases?" Brian asked. "What are those?"

"They are cases that were unsolvable at the time," Jethro explained. "We'll talk about those tomorrow. It's going to be a few days before Abby will be done with the evidence. So I will talk to Vance to see if we could show you how to go through a cold case. I'll try to get you clearance so that the case we pick will have no security breaches. Tomorrow I will talk to Abby to see how your first case is going. If she has anything I will tell you tomorrow night."

"That would be so great!" Justin excitedly said. "I can wait to start on our first case."

"Well, actually it will be your second case," Jethro replied. "Stockwell is your first case but not a cold case. But we will show you how to go about solving your second case."

"Jethro," Brian began, "Justin and I want to thank you and your team for your help. I knew what Tony did for a living. I hope we didn't step on anyone's toes."

"No, you didn't," Jethro replied. "We'll talk tomorrow. I'll pick you all up in the morning and we'll go to breakfast. I know a place that you will love."

"Okay," Tony said. He then turned to Jet and kissed him. "I'll see you in the morning, love."

"See you later, baby," Jet whispered.

The three men walked out and Brian snickered as he put his arm around Justin's shoulders. He loved watching two people who are in love. Since he fell in love with Justin, his world has never been better. Now that he was trying to solve his first case, he was going to see that the bad man was going to jail. Brian would make sure that he would put away the right person.

QAF/NCIS

The next morning, the three men got ready to leave. Brian and Justin were enjoying a cup of coffee when they heard someone at the

door.

"Ready to go?" Jethro asked.

"Yup," Tony replied as he grabbed his jacket.

The three walked outside and Brian froze.

"Isn't that a 1971 Dodge Challenger?" Brian asked as he walked around the car.

"Yeah," Jethro replied. "You a car lover?"

"Yeah," Brian said. "I had a 1971 Corvette Stingray. I sold it to a client who was looking for a vintage corvette. I bought it when I lost my Jeep. The Jeep was part of my contract with Ryder. I had to sell the corvette when Justin told me that we couldn't drive my son around with him sitting on Justin's lap."

"You have a son?" Jethro asked.

"Yup. Lesbian friends wanted a child and I made a deposit. And nine months later he was born. I met Justin that same night. He named him."

The four of them climbed into the Challenger and went to the train cafeteria that Gibbs loved. From his point of view, they made the best coffee.

The four of them ate and got to know one another. After breakfast, Gibbs dropped the three others off at Tony's and went to the office. On his way, he passed a coffee stand and picked up coffee for himself and Vance. He figured he would get on Vance's good side to start the day off.

Gibbs entered with two cups of coffee, put his gun in his desk drawer and made his way up to Vance's office. He noticed that McGee and David weren't at their desks yet.

He knocked as he heard Vance.

"Leon, I need to ask you for a favor," Gibbs stated as he handed over one of the coffees and took a seat.

"Go ahead." Vance took one of the coffees with a nod.

"The four of us had a talk last night and I was wondering if we could have Brian and Justin sitting in on a cold case to observe how to go about working a case. We would have to pick one that has no security measures. Sometimes fresh eyes can come up with something."

"I think that would be a great idea. How about for today your team works on this Stockwell case. You could get McGee to do financials and phone records while David does personnel records. Then when we get together with Brian and Justin, we go over the info before Abby tells us what she found. Can you call Fornell and ask him over so that we make sure that when McGee and David do their searches they are legal?"

"Sounds good," Gibbs replied.

"I'll go through the cold cases and find you a case to solve with Brian and Justin. Hopefully Ducky will have his part done by then."

"Thanks Leon." Gibbs rose from his chair and made his way down to the bullpen.

Vance thought of it already when Gibbs mentioned a case. He knew that Gibbs' first case was never solved and he knew what it's like to not have your first case solved. Vance was aware that the case never had any connection to the Navy or any of the subsidiaries. Plus he knew that Gibbs was near retirement. He already talked to SecNav and she said she would help in any way she could. She knew that Gibbs served his country for many years.

Gibbs heard the ding of the elevator and watched as McGee and David came off laughing. Gibbs took his seat and waited until they got settled and booted up their computers. Gibbs pulled out his phone and called Fornell.

"Can you come to the bullpen, we need your help."

Gibbs closed his phone when he got his answer.

"Morning, boss," McGee said.

"Morning, Gibbs" David said. "What's up for this morning?"

"Tony has friends from Pittsburgh that needs our help." Gibbs then proceeded to catch them up on the case. "McGee, I need you to do financials and phone records on James Stockwell, Kenneth Reichert and Christopher Hobbs. Stockwell is the Chief of Police for Pittsburgh; Reichert was a retired cop and was also Stockwell's partner.

Christopher Hobbs was responsible for bashing to Justin Taylor. We have the go ahead with FBI. If Fornell finds out from the evidence and the autopsy records that Stockwell did murder Reichert, then the FBI will be placing him under arrest. Fornell also said that there should have been an outside investigation. David, I need personal files done on the same three. As for tomorrow, the team will show Brian and Justin on how to work a cold case. Hopefully Abby will have the DNA done on this case that came with the evidence the day after. Vance is picking a case that has no security breaches that will not affect our offices. Now let's get to work."

"Where is Tony?" David asked.

"He's taking a vacation day to show Brian and Justin around DC," Gibbs replied. He heard the ding of the elevator and watched as Fornell came off the lift.

"Gibbs, good morning," Fornell said. "Now what do you need me for?"

"I need you to sign this form so that the searches that David and McGee are doing is sanctioned by the FBI so it makes it legal in court when we present the evidence against them."

"Sounds good to me," Fornell replied as he signed the forms. "How's the case going?"

"We're just beginning to put together financials, phone records and profile files together as we speak. This will give them something to do until tomorrow. Then we're going to show Brian and Justin how to close a cold case. The day after, we will go through the evidence that Abby and Ducky have come up with so that you can go and arrest their sorry asses. How does that sound?"

"Sounds good," Fornell repeated. "Now I'm going to my office to put some other things together for our use. I'll put a team together and investigate the precinct. See how many dirty cops are there and have them arrested. I'll see you in two days."

"I'll see you then," Gibbs replied and got to work.

Gibbs pulled out his own paperwork to get started. This was one job that he had Tony do but he figured that he would do it so that they could concentrate on the cold case and Stockwell's case.

The rest of the day was spent with the team doing their part on helping Brian and Justin. By 3 p.m., McGee and David both handed files to Gibbs.

"Is this everything?" Gibbs asked. He noticed that the profiles that Agent David put together were not thin files at all. They were both at least one inch thick. "What did you find that made these two files so thick?"

"Well, I found some not so good things going on in the police department that should not have happened. I found evidence missing after being entered on the docket. That is one police department that should be investigated for, what do you call it, evidence tampering? Yes, those are the words."

"Do you mean to tell me that there are cases that should not have been dismissed?"

"Yes. Evidence went missing so that they didn't have to go to court or spend anytime in jail. As Abby would say, 'something is hinky' in Pittsburgh. What should we do?" David always looked up to Gibbs for as a teacher. She learned a lot from the man.

"That will be for the FBI to investigate," Gibbs replied. "Can you email a copy of that file to Fornell? I talked with Fornell this morning and they will be investigating the Pittsburgh Police Department for a lot of crimes including the one we will be working on with Brian and Justin. This case should have had an outside investigation done because of protocol." He then turned to McGee to receive files on his three profiles. "McGee?"

"Well, I found a lot of things that were in both financials. If I didn't know I was looking at two different bank accounts, you would think I made a copy of the other one. Everything that came out of one account went into another account. I even found off shore accounts that belong to Stockwell."

"McGee, I found money missing from evidence at the police station. Could those amounts be accounted for in either of those accounts?" David asked.

"Boss, can we have the files back so that we can confirm the money that went missing in evidence was deposited in another account?" McGee asked.

"That's good thinking, McGee. Then let me know what you both find."

"Right, Boss," McGee replied. He took back the files and both agents went through them with a fine tooth comb.

Gibbs worked on other paper work that came across his desk. He was also finalizing the recent murder case and included McGee and David's notes from New York.

A few hours later both McGee and David confirmed that the money that went missing in evidence ended up in the off shore accounts. This put another nail in Stockwell's case.

"Good work team," Gibbs replied. "Now go home and I will see you both at eight tomorrow morning."

"Boss?" McGee questioned.

"You've both earned it, not get out of here before I put you both on cold cases."

"See you in the morning, boss," McGee said, shut down his computer, grabbed his bag and ran out of the bull pen.

"Goodnight, Gibbs," David said as she too shut her computer down, grabbed her bag and left with McGee.

Gibbs smiled as he put away the files he was filling out. He knew in his mind that he never worked with agents that anticipated his moves like the ones he presently was working with. Right now he knew that he was going to spend the night at Tony's with the other men. Never did he do this before.

"Hey, where are you guys?" Gibbs asked as he called Tony when he left the garage.

"Just pulled into the parking lot at my place," Tony replied. "You coming?"

"Be there soon," Gibbs said.

Tony hung up as he got to his door and opened it. The three men entered and Tony got them all water.

"How does pizza sound for dinner?" Tony asked.

"I love pizza but Brian doesn't eat carbs after seven," Justin stated. "He's trying to watch his figure but I do enough of that so go ahead with pizza and get Brian a salad."

"Thanks," Brian whispered. He knew Justin would jump right in with the order.

"It's not even seven yet so I will order three pizzas and three salads," Tony said. He then placed the order. "Nowâ€|" He never got

any further as the door opened and closed.

Jethro entered Tony's apartment and closed the door. He walked over to Tony and kissed him.

"Did you enjoy your day?" Jethro asked Brian.

"Yeah, we really did," Brian replied. "Justin was in heaven with the architecture and then we went shopping for some new suits."

"You don't dress like Tony does do you?" Jethro asked. "He's into Armani, Dolce and others."

Justin started laughing. "He's definitely into those designers. When he gets into a suit, he looks great in them."

"Yeah, so does Tony," Jethro said. "Now what's for supper?"

"I ordered out," Tony replied. "We got pizza's and salads coming."

"Oh good, I'm starved," Jethro stated. "Filling out those forms can be murder on the hand."

"You didn't?" Tony questioned.

"I did," Jethro replied. He then turned to the other guys. "When we use equipment, guns, ammo, and other things, we have to fill out forms so that our supplies would be replenished before the next call out. If you open your own detective agency, you should look into doing those things so that when you go out on a call, you have those items already replaced. Tony usually does these things since he's my second in command."

"I've been doing it since I became your second in command. Sometimes I can do them in my sleep and when I get in the next morning, I know what forms to fill out. I found out that my mind never shuts down when I'm at home. I always anticipate what the next move is going to be before I know."

Just then there was a buzz at the door. Tony opened it and paid for the food. He then took it into the dining room and plates were placed beside his hand. He turned to look into Justin's eyes.

"I know when to anticipate when it comes to food," Justin chuckled.

"That is one thing that Justin loves: food," Brian snickered.

"Is not!" Justin exclaimed. "I love art too!"

"Alright boys," Jethro shouted. "Let's eat before the pizza gets cold."

"That's one thing about pizza," Tony stated. "It even tastes better cold."

"I will not argue with that," Justin replied as he took his seat.

They all sat and ate while discussing what to watch for a movie. When Brian asked if he had James Dean's Rebel Without A Cause, Tony's eyes went wide.

"How do you know that one?" Tony asked.

"It's one of my all time favorites," Brian replied.

"Brian knows the whole dialogue to that movie," Justin said. "I also love it too."

"I do have it," Tony replied. "Jet you will love this one."

After dishes were cleared, Tony put the movie in and they watched it.

TBC

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*Chapter 3\*\*

When Vance got word that Gibbs was in the building, he got up from his desk and made his way to the bull pen with a file in his hands. After Gibbs left his office the day before, Vance went in search of Gibbs's first case. He knew from his previous experience, that your first case should be solved before you retire. Somehow, Vance felt that when this was all over, Gibbs was going to retire and Tony was going to with him.

He knew they were in a relationship but never let onto anyone else. It was the dynamics of the team with the highest solve rate that made it who they were. Vance had also talked with Balboa to see if he would like to lead the MCRT and he said he would pending that Gibbs and Tony would no longer be with NCIS.

Vance stood in front of Gibbs's desk and handed over the first file that Gibbs never solved along with copies.

When Gibbs took the file and recognized the names, he looked up. "How did you know?"

"I know how it is to solve your first case before you retire," Vance stated. "Don't say a word. I know about you and him. I never said a word but I watched. When nothing happened, I dismissed it. I know from the look on your face the last couple of weeks that you have been thinking about retirement. I had a talk with SecNav and she agreed with me that if and when you retire, you will get the full benefits package. I also know that Tony's been thinking about resigning if and when you retire."

Gibbs didn't know what to say to that. He nodded and thanked him.

"Read the file and catch up on it," Vance said. "Then when the others turn up, we'll get to work."

"Thanks, Vance," Gibbs replied. He then opened the file and began to read.

A commotion was heard at the elevator as five people walked into the bull pen.

"Morning, Gibbs," David said.

"Morning, Boss," McGee and Tony said at the same time.

"Morning, Gibbs," Brian and Justin said.

"Morning, everyone," Gibbs replied smiling. "I have our cold case ready to go. This is the first case that I never solved. I have each a file for you to go over then we will get to work."

Brian took up a seat with Tony and Justin took up a seat at the end of Gibbs' desk.

Gibbs called Ducky and Abby to work on the case at their end. He told Abby she was to work on the cold case as long as she was waiting for results from Brian and Justin's case.

McGee looked up and watched as Gibbs went through the file with Justin. He then watched as Tony went through the same file with Brian. Inside his file, McGee saw a disk and put it into his computer. As he was going through it, he noticed pictures and set them aside for later. McGee got familiar with the file.

Gibbs began to talk of the cold case:

"It happened on June 5, 1985. There was a brutal murder of Sergeant Morris Stettler and his wife, Martha. Morris had just got off leave from being in Afghanistan for 18 months. He was now States side for the remainder of his career until he retired in six months.

"His wife, Martha, had been working on a campaign that would put her in the Senate seat of Washington, D.C.

"After supper, the couple relaxed to an old black and white movie: North By Northwest. They adored movies especially the classics.

"The next morning, they went out for a jog and came back to have breakfast and get ready for work. When they opened the door, a man in a mask came at them, pointing a gun in the gut of the Sergeant. They went back into the house as the gunman closed the door. Nine shots were fired. Then the gunman fled.

"I was at NIS which stands for Naval Investigative Service." Gibbs replied. "It was my first case. I worked it with Mike Franks who is now dead. We tried everything inconceivable to find clues as to why these two people were gunned down in their own home. During that time forensics was just being born. The Sergeant was no where near anything of importance to give him any clearance before he retired. As for his wife, we looked into her background and couldn't find anything. The only thing we found at the crime scene was a piece of neon foam rubber that we couldn't figure out where it came from. The Sergeant was found in the living room with five bullet wounds including one to the head. His wife was found in the kitchen on the floor with four bullet wounds to the back including the head. It looked like she was headed for the back door."

"All right then," Tony announced. "McGee, can you load up the pictures taken at the crime scene, please."

"Got it," McGee said as his fingers flew across the keyboard.

All six of them stood in front of the two large plasmas that took up the bull pen. Justin was with McGee and Tony while Gibbs was with Brian and David.

There were nine shell casings from an automatic 22 caliber pistol. Pictures were taken of the crime scene and there was no evidence that pointed to the killer. The piece of foam rubber was on the screen.

"This piece of foam rubber," Justin asked, "was there anything that connected it to anything at the scene?"

"No," Gibbs replied.

"Then it came from outside," Justin stated. "Why is it neon yellow?"

"That we don't know," Gibbs replied.

"I think I know what it is," Justin whispered as his eyes adjusted to the foam.

"What is it?" Tony asked.

"It could be a piece of a tennis ball," Justin stated. "I saw this in a movie once where someone used it on the end of a gun as a silencer. It makes no noise when a bullet passes through it. I wonder if there is any of the foam on the bullet or in the Sergeant."

"And here I thought I was the only one to make movie references," Tony snickered. "Good job, Justin. I'll ask Abby to check it out now that it could be a tennis ball." Tony then got on the phone.

"Anything else you see, Justin?" Brian asked.

"Why ask him?" David asked. "He's just a kid."

"I guess I should elaborate a few things for you, Miss David," Brian stated with conviction. "Justin has the trained eye of an artist. He was going through art school when things happened that I won't get into. He can see things that most people think that is insignificant when we look at objects. He was the one who recognized my work when I took Stockwell down during his election campaign when he tried to run for mayor. He was taught at an early age to see everything with the naked eye that most people overlook. If he says something about a picture then he knows that he is right. Plus he also has a photographic memory. When he sees something, he remembers it years down the road. His mother told me that."

"I stand corrected," David apologized. "I'm sorry Justin."

"I don't mind," Justin replied. "I got used to it a long time ago. Everyone still sees me as a kid. When in fact I'm twenty-three years old. Brian always told me that I will be forever young."

"Was there anything missing from the crime scene?" McGee asked as to change the subject.

"No," Gibbs replied. "Money, valuables, cars, anything worth anything was still on the scene."

"That means it was a mob hit," Justin whispered as he took a closer look at the dead man on the floor. "Mob hits are the only ones that include a bullet to the head. If that is the case, then Mrs. Stettler was involved in something that only she knew about. Did you go to the FBI about this?"

"Yes," Gibbs replied. "When we took the case over to them, they said that they couldn't do anything about it. They were new at forensics. When we had no evidence other than the foam rubber and the spent shell casings, then there was nothing for them to do. Our case went cold after three months."

"Was she involved in cleaning up the mob and the streets of gangs?" Brian asked.

"Why do you say that?" Tony asked.

"That's what everyone does when running for office. Just like Stockwell was going to clean up the streets and close down the gay community. That was until I brought him down with an advertising spot on television. This was enough to make the gay community vote and he lost. Deakins won the election but Stockwell still maintains his position as Chief of Police. What was her platform?"

"I like that angle, Brian," Gibbs stated. "But I never heard of a street gang using a 22 caliber weapon."

"Her platform was to clean up the streets," the Director replied as he walked into the bull pen. "I kept up with her election just in case she was elected. You never know when you would need someone in her position for help. I was stationed in the Los Angeles office. This city is big on drugs being that we are near water. Drugs are big money."

"Would it be safe to say that the drug dealers could have hired the mob to kill these two people?" Brian questioned.

"It is safe to say that, yes," Gibbs replied. "Since this case, I have found that the drug gangs side with the mob to keep them safe and in return the mob keeps the drugs flowing for the drug dealers. Each of these groups can't live without the other."

"Who's the biggest mob in the DC area?" Justin asked.

"Tony?" Gibbs asked. "Tell them what you know."

"That would be the Mancuso family. They have lived in the DC area for the last fifty years. FBI has tried many times to get rid of this family for years. I took down a family in Baltimore known as Macaluso. I spent one year under cover to bring them down. The mafia are ruthless people who don't care who they hurt. When I was undercover, I found that when the mob did things to others, there's nothing you can do about it but go with the flow. I made sure I

recorded everything I saw in a journal so that I had a record of what was going on. In 1985, there was turmoil in the mob families. Boss's were having their under boss' killed like they were nothing. If you did not do a job that the boss told you to do then you were killed. It was at this time the Mexican Cartel was moving into the East Coast. I heard during my years in Baltimore that the Reynoso family was moving into the neighborhood." Tony looked at Gibbs and saw the nod as he bowed his head. "The Reynosa family were the ones that killed Gibbs' family. His wife witnessed a murder and was going to testify in court. FBI put a detail on his wife and daughter. Gibbs was in Desert Storm at the time. As they were being transported to a safe house, they were in an accident. Later they found the agent had been shot in the head. It was this shot that caused the accident and Gibbs' family was killed."

Justin turned to Brian with tears running down his face. Brian put his arms around Justin to consol him.

"To us family is everything," Brian stated. "It doesn't have to be blood to be family. Justin wears his heart on his sleeve when it comes to family. Justin has a baby sister. How old was she?"

"She was eight," Gibbs whispered. He hated talking about his family.

"That's the same age as Molly," Justin stated. "We need to get that family off of streets."

"Already did," Gibbs said. "We had a case a few years ago that brought the Reynosa cartel to DC. Paloma Reynosa was trying to set up shop here. Alejandro Rivera was in the Mexican government. When I was in Mexico, I found out that he was the brother of Paloma. Rivera was trying to keep Paloma out of the States so he made us believe that he was on our side. But in Mexico, he was keeping her close by not shutting down her cartel. At the time we didn't know that Rivera was her brother. She went after my family again. This time my dad but he got away. They shot up his store. So we set them up. Vance found a bug in his office and Rivera was trying to find out where I was hiding my family. Rivera found the safe house where I was supposed to be hiding only we were not there. We blocked Paloma's calls. He went in guns blazing and killed his sister."

"Can I ask how this all started?" Brian asked.

"It started out with Abby going down to Mexico to teach how forensics is used in solving cases," Tony replied. "Rivera gave her a case to use. I have a feeling she was set up. She didn't know that the Hernandez case was related to Reynosa. Rivera was part of a task force to find out the results of that case. Somehow, somewhere that report was never found." Tony looked to Brian. "Hernandez was the father of Paloma and Rivera."

Brian saw the look. He knew they would talk later.

What Gibbs didn't wanted them to know was that he went down to Mexico to confront the man who was responsible for killing his family. He was the one responsible for killing Hernandez himself. The thing was that it didn't make him feel any better to get revenge. It was at this time that he joined NIS and the Stettler case was his first case.

"So is there any way we can tie the Mancuso's to the Stettler case?" Brian questioned. "With the forensics that we have nowadays, it shouldn't be hard."

"I have Abby working on the ballistics to see if that bullet matches any that is in our system," Gibbs replied. "I also have Ducky taking another look at the bodies."

"And I have found nothing," Ducky replied as he walked into the bullpen. "The previous M.E. did a wonderful job of notes in the file. That would be me. I started here just before that case. Now that I have gone over the files again, I still have not found anything different today than I did during the case. I'm sorry."

"That's alright, Ducky," Gibbs replied. "I didn't think there would be anything. It was an open and shut case except for the bullets."

Just then you could hear a clomping of boots coming up the hall.

"GibbsGibbsGibbsGibbs," Abby shouted. "I have found something."

"I knew you would Abs," Gibbs stated with a smile. "Put a Cafpow on my tab. Now what did you find?"

"I found a bullet that matched the one found on the Stettler's. That gun was used three weeks ago in a shootout at the pier involving the Mancuso family. The bullet was in the body of a young man."

"Abby, do you know the name of the young man?" Tony asked.

"Yeah, it was Luciano Belluso. Why?"

"If I'm not mistaken that was Angelo Mancuso's under boss," Tony replied. "Let me make a phone call." Tony left the bullpen and made his way to the elevator. He needed privacy for this one.

"That's not all, Gibbs," Abby continued to say. "I have found eight other cases where that bullet with the same striations and grooves are the same."

"Abby, explain to me what you said," Justin asked.

"Striations and grooves are what gives a bullet the distinct marks to rule out other bullets when it comes to crimes. When a bullet leaves the chamber of a gun, the barrel of the gun is designed to give the bullet its unique look. No two guns have the same striations or grooves."

"Can you get me a copy of the other crimes where this gun was used?" Gibbs asked.

"Already sent to McGee's email," Abby replied as she looked to McGee.

McGee got on his computer and brought up the other files.

"Boss, these crimes are shootings of drug dealers," McGee stated. "I

recognize some of those names."

"As do I," Tony replied when he joined them again. "I just got off the phone with my contact and he told me that they have a new under boss already. His name is Stefano Balducci. His family comes from Tuscany in northern Italy. They are a badass family. How they got caught up on the Mancuso family is not known."

"Tony, is it possible that Balducci could have killed Belluso?" Justin asked. "Well, you did say that if an under boss didn't do as he was told then he would be killed. Wouldn't it be safe to say that Balducci killed Belluso to become the next under boss?"

"I like this man," Tony chuckled. "I see where you're going with this. That would mean that Balducci killed the Stettler's all those years ago and then used the same gun to kill all those others including Belluso three weeks ago. Now, how do we prove that he has that gun?"

"We could get a search warrant to search his house for the gun," Vance stated as he entered the bull pen. "Now who was the one that figured this out?"

"It was Justin, director," Tony replied. "I think that Brian and Justin are ready."

"Justin, explain," Vance asked.

"It's like Brian said before: I have a photographic memory. I read a lot of crime novels and watched way too many crime shows and movies. I've been interested in stuff like this since I was a kid. It's become a hobby of sorts. When I read or watch a crime show, I try to solve it before they get to the end of the show. I've been a hundred percent right every time. I just put together what information was said about the mob and came up with Balducci killing Belluso."

"We could use you in NCIS," Vance said. "Any chance?"

"No, Director," Justin replied. "I think I could do better in Pittsburgh. Besides, I'm against guns. What would I use, a fly swatter?"

"Yeah," Tony chuckled. "The criminals are like flies: one swat. Ow, thanks boss." Tony rubbed the back of his head after being cuffed. He knew it was Gibbs' way of being near him by showing his love. Nobody knew it though.

"Can't say I didn't try," Vance replied. "Now let me go and see about getting a warrant so we can find that gun. Great work everyone."

"I would like to say thanks to everyone," Gibbs stated. "I know I don't give thanks to you all a lot but this was one case that I wanted to solve before I retire. I will be doing that in the next couple of months."

"Boss, you can't," Tony pleaded. "Who's going to be Team Leader?"

"You are, Tony," Gibbs replied. "It's about time I stepped down permanently and let you handle the reigns from now on. I've been

thinking of this for a while now."

Tony stood at the back of the room and pleaded with his eyes. One thing about Tony that Gibbs found out was that he said everything through his eyes.

Gibbs looked around the room and then his eyes settled on Tony, he knew he would be talking to his partner later.

No one said a word as they went back to their desks and put together the evidence on the cold case.

Brian and Justin could feel the tension in the room. They went over to the window and talked.

"I didn't think that Gibbs would retire," Brian murmured.

"I think the case was a set up," Justin whispered. "He wanted this case closed so that he could retire. I think he's been thinking about this for a long time."

"I have," Gibbs whispered. "I'm tired of the politics that comes through this office. I'm going to talk Tony into coming with me. I think it's about time we think about retirement all together. I'm going to suggest that he put in his resignation and join me. I think I will retire to Pittsburgh. There's a great dock there and maybe with the boat that I build then the four of us can sail her down the river. Safer than going out to sea. Besides, I have property there that if you both want, you could come live with us. It's in Washington County just outside Pittsburgh. Take a look at it when you get back. I'll let the manager know you're coming."

"I think that would be great," Brian replied. "We'll talk later tonight. I may have a plan."

"Brian?" Justin asked.

"Later," Brian whispered.

When everyone got the case together, McGee brought it up to Vance so that they could get a warrant.

"Go home everyone," Gibbs stated. "See you all in the morning. Great job with the case."

David and McGee said their goodnights as Tony was pulling out his gun from his drawer.

"Tony, my place, one hour," Gibbs demanded.

"Yes boss," Tony silently replied. He was still in a funk over the news of Gibbs.

Brian watched his friend's feelings show on his face and knew that he needed to say something. He looked over to Gibbs and Gibbs looked back in return. After seeing the nod, he knew what he needed to say.

When the three of them got into the mustang, Tony let out a breath that he didn't know he was holding.

"Tony, can I ask you something?" Brian asked.

"Sure," Tony replied as he started the mustang and made their way out of the parking garage on their way to his apartment.

"Have you ever thought of going back to being a police officer?" Brian asked.

"What do you mean?" Tony questioned. "I can't leave Gibbs. I love him too much to do that. Besides, I'm going to be Team Leader when he's gone."

"Would you ever go back?" Brian repeated.

"I might," Tony replied. "If the right job came up that would keep me out of harms way, I might consider it. Why?"

"Just asking," Brian replied. He turned around and looked at Justin.

Justin had a smile on his face knowing what Brian had planned. This was going to be great.

After they arrived at Tony's, they all showered separately and got into comfortable clothes. Tony stopped for beer and may his way to Gibbs' place. The three boys entered the house with the smell of steaks cooking on the grill in the fireplace.

"Steaks are almost ready," Gibbs said.

"I'll get the plates," Tony replied. He went into the kitchen and saw a salad as well as green beans.

Justin was behind him setting the table with the plates that were already there as well as silverware.

They all sat down to beer and steak. Brian still couldn't believe that a steak could be cooked so well on a fireplace grill.

After dinner, the four men sat in the living room letting their meal digest. Gibbs got up and turned to the men.

"Tony, I want you to hear me out before you say anything, all right."

"Okay, Jet."

"Now, what I said at the office wasn't something that I planned on saying. I am going to retire in the next couple of months but what I want, Tony, is for you to put in your resignation. I know I haven't talked to you about this but I think it's about time we think of ourselves for once. I have some property that was left to me by my grandfather. It's 100 acres of land with a house, barn, swimming pool, the works. It's been a breeding farm for as long as I can remember. I've made plenty for us to retire if you want. No one knows of this place. Not even anyone at the Yard. What do you say, Tony?"

Tony didn't know what to say. There was one thing he knew and that

was he was too young to retire. When he heard about the horses, he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Jet, I don't know what to say." Tony was speechless. "Where is this property?"

"Would you believe just outside Pittsburgh? It's about half an hour's drive. My grandfather settled there and the house is huge. I've asked Brian and Justin to take a look at the place when they get back. Anything else?"

"I don't want to retire from law enforcement. It's been my life and I still have some years left in me."

"Then what I'm about to say maybe what you are looking for," Brian started to say. "What would you think about being Captain of Detectives?"

"Brian, you can't offer me a job that you have no control over," Tony stated. "How can you do this?"

"Well, if I talk to a certain Mayor of Pittsburgh after we arrest Stockwell, then I'm going to recommend that Carl Horvath be the Chief of Police. Then I'm going to ask Carl to see about putting you in as Captain of Detectives. You forget that I kept up with your career. I know about the Gold Badge you received in Baltimore, as well as taking down the Macaluso family. That is something that can be taught to detectives. What do you think?"

"I would like that," Tony replied. "But do you think that you can pull it off?"

"Yes," Brian responded. "You forget who took down a Mayor. I also have an 'in' with Deakins. He knows it was me that brought down Stockwell. He's just waiting for something to happen. I never told anyone this, not even Justin, but I brought evidence to Deakins that Stockwell was dirty but he didn't listen. We have that 'something' when Fornell goes to arrest Stockwell. If I can pull this off would you be interested?"

"Yes, I would," Tony excitedly said. "But what happens if it doesn't happen?"

"I was going to talk it over with Justin but we could use another PI if you want. What do you think Justin?"

"I would love to have him on our team but if he gets that Captain's job then we would have an 'in' with the department."

"That's what I love about this young man," Brian whispered as he pulled Justin close to him. "His mind always comes up with the next best idea." Brian leaned over and kissed him.

Tony looked at Gibbs. He stood and wrapped his arms around his partner. "Jet, I think that's a great idea. Do you think we could get everything done in the next few months to be settled in Pittsburgh?"

"I think that we can do it," Gibbs replied and kissed Tony. "You can get out of your apartment contract, I'll put the house on the market

and we can move my things over to the apartment in the next six weeks. I'll give the manager of the ranch a call and he can get the house ready for four men. By the way, Brian and Justin, there are two wings to the house. On each side is four bedrooms with their own showers. The main house has a large kitchen, dining room, living room, library, and a swimming pool with a cabana for changing. You can have one side of the house and we'll take up the other side. What we'll do with the library is set it up as an office so that we have everything you need for the detective agency. I'm might give you hand on some cases if you want. What do you think?"

"I think that would be great Gibbs," Brian replied. "Besides, with the years you have at NCIS, you would have many contacts as well as Tony. I think this is going to be the start of a beautiful friendship."

"Quoting Bogart now are we?" Tony asked. "I thought I was the only one that did that."

"I've watched a few black and whites," Brian replied. "Besides, I'm a big James Dean fan. Or did you forget?"

"No," Tony replied. "Now let's get to work about getting out of DC and into Pittsburgh."

"Tony about that look you gave me at the office," Brian said. "Would you care to explain?"

"I can," Tony replied. He then turned to Gibbs. "What I'm about to say never leaves this room. You don't know this Jet, but I figured this out myself and never told anyone. Don't get mad at me for saying this."

"All right," Gibbs replied. "Go ahead."

"When Abby was given this case, I did a little digging on my own. I found out that after Jet's family was killed, Jet went to NIS to see if he could see the file. Mike Franks, who was in charge of the case, wouldn't let him have it. So when Mike left the room to get coffee, Gibbs looked at the file. He then left and went after Hernandez, who was responsible for hiring a hit man to take out Gibbs' family. He killed Hernandez with his sniper rifle but it do no good. He was still mad. When Abby got the case, I looked at the slug that was taken at the crime scene all those years ago. I recognized the bullet. When Rivera was put on the task force to solve the case, the report disappeared. I don't know what happened to the only report that was made but I suspect Vance to have hidden it amongst the many files in the basement. It would take many years to find it."

"Thanks Tony," Gibbs replied. "an you are right about the only report. I followed Vance to the basement and saw him but something in a box and covered it with another box. I had a gut feeling that it was the Hernandez case."

"So in other words, the case was solved?" Justin asked.

"Yes, but if word got out that Gibbs was the one that pulled the trigger, he would have been in jail the rest of his life. Hernandez would have made sure of it."

"Good," Brian said. "Now let's make some plans."

Not another word was said about the case.

The four men made plans and wrote down what needed to be done. After their plans were made, they settled into the beds upstairs.

TBC

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*Chapter 4\*\*

Everyone was gathered in the bullpen for the results on the case of Stockwell, Kemp and Reichert. Vance and Fornell were present so that if there was evidence that a Chief of Police killed his ex-partner, then the FBI would have to arrest him.

"Ducky, why don't you go first?" Vance asked. "Tell us what you found out in the autopsy file and x-rays."

"Thank you, Director." Ducky took up the clicker to the plasma and with his pictures he was able to tell a tale of what he saw.

"When I got this case, I read through it like a story. Then I picked it apart like I would any other case. I looked at the x-rays. Now with Reichert's case, the x-rays showed that two vertebrae were dislocated from the rest of the body. This type of hanging is called drop hanging. Then I noticed that the hyoid bone was not broken from the rope. Also the thyroid cartilage was intact. I have seen hangings on my tables and I have noticed that the hyoid bone breaks. The only way it would not break is for the person who staged the hanging had strangled the person then hanged him. As for the rope, there were no ligature marks as Brian had stated other than the marks the rope made on the skin. There was no blood pool above the rope which should have been there because the blood has no where to go. I also noticed in the autopsy that there was no petechial hemorrhaging in the eyes. It should have been there according to the hanging of a body. In conclusion, I would say that Reichert was murdered before the hanging."

"Now for Jason Kemp's case, there was no evidence of him being raped. But I noticed that the photo's of his neck, there was strangulation marks. He was strangled so hard that his windpipe was crushed, causing him to stop breathing. The x-ray showed a flattening of the windpipe. Jason was definitely murdered."

"Thank you, Dr. Mallard," Vance replied. He then turned to Abby. "Miss Scuito?"

"Director." Abby then turned to the people in front of her. "I took the evidence that I was given and began processing it. As per Brian's instincts, I took the semen sample and began the DNA evidence knowing this would take the longest to process. When I looked at the results, I was looking at a confused sample. Brian told me that condoms are not 100 percent safe so I then took it and noticed I had two results. I then split the results, finding two DNA samples in one. I then went a little further and found out that there was fourteen familial

points meaning that the two samples were related. They were either father/son or brothers. The DNA was definitely male. I then took a look at the clothes of the victim, Reichert, and put them through my babies. I found a thread on the back of the shirt. I did an analysis on the thread and found out it came off the uniform of a police officer. The thread was consistent with being used on law enforcement uniforms. It has a unique color and texture. I also did a test on the front of the shirt and found DNA. I ran it through CODIS and found a match. It belonged to Chief of Police, James Stockwell. As you know, their DNA is inputted into the system to notify relatives and to eliminate them as a suspect in any case. I also found a hair in the knot of the noose which also belonged to James Stockwell; the hair not the noose. I also found epithelial cells on the rope that also belonged to James Stockwell. There was a sample of stomach contents in the evidence box that I tested which came from Reichert. In that test I found alcohol but nothing combined with it. I then did a test on the hair of the victim which was included in the evidence box and found GHB also known as a date rape drug which does not show up on tests after twenty-four hours but can be found in hair. The amount of GHB was twelve times. With that amount of GHB it would have restricted his breathing which would have suffocated him. This would be consistent with what Ducky found in his results."

"Thank you, Miss Scuito. Does anyone have anything to add?" Vance asked.

"I need to make a call," Brian said as he pulled out his phone.

A few minutes later, Brian came back with a shocked look on his face.

"I think I know where the GHB came from."

"Where's that Brian," Justin asked.

"Gary Sapperstein who runs Babylon," Brian replied. "I called Ted Schmidt. He's a friend of ours that got into trouble with drugs. He said that if you wanted any drugs in Pittsburgh, then all you had to do was go see Gary Sapperstein."

"That's a name that came up when I put together a personnel file on Stockwell," David replied.

"And when I did financials and phone records," McGee stated. "I found large amounts of money deposited in an account that he has hidden. Let me do a check on this Sapperstein." He got on his computer and started a search. As the financials came up on his computer, he took the clicker from Ducky that was offered to him.

"These are the deposits on Stockwell's account," McGee begun to say. "And these are the deposits on Sapperstein's accounts. As you can see, the amounts are the same going in and coming out on the two accounts. With Stockwell being the Chief of Police, we need to find out if he's giving Sapperstein drugs from the evidence locker at the police station or he's got a drug dealer in his pocket. This could be how he financed his election into becoming the next mayor of Pittsburgh."

"That will be our job," Fornell replied. "We are in the midst of completing our investigation into the police department. This is

going to cause a shake-up. Is there anyone who you trust over there, Brian?"

"Yes, Captain Carl Horvath. He's captain of the detectives and a good friend." Brian then looked to Justin and nodded. "He was the one who investigated Jason Kemp's murder. I know he did a great job but what I know now, evidence went missing for him. Someone wanted him to find Reichert and blame him on the murder of Jason."

"As for the phone records," McGee stated, "I found that the call to 911 came from inside Reichert's house. It showed that Stockwell made the call on his cell phone. He could have murdered Reichert and then called 911 to make it look like he just showed up. He could have been there for at least one to two hours before hand. As for the drugs, Stockwell could have gone down to the evidence locker and grabbed the GHB off the shelf and killed him with it or got it from Sapperstein. With him in the evidence locker, he could have told the guard he was looking up a case. No one would have noticed the difference."

"How do you want to do this, Fornell?" Gibbs asked.

"I will go back to the office and find out what my guys have on them. Can I get a copy of all your findings?"

"Mine has been sent to you already, Fornell," Abby replied.

"By the time you reach your office you will have mine also," Ducky stated.

Fornell looked at McGee and watched him hand over a stick.

"All our information is on there," McGee replied.

"Fornell, would it be okay for Tony and I to accompany you and the others including Brian and Justin to Pittsburgh to arrest this man?" Gibbs asked. "I want to see this dirt bag behind bars."

"I wouldn't have it any other way," Fornell replied. "This will close a big drug ring in Pittsburgh. I will also be arresting Gary Sapperstein."

"What's going to happen to the club?" Justin asked. "It was the placeâ€œ!" Justin broke off knowing DADT was being disbanded.

"I'll think of something," Brian suggested. "We will not see it closed."

"Now, I will let you know, Gibbs, when I'm ready," Fornell stated. "Give me two days to get everything together. I don't want to go in half cocked. I want to make sure that every 'i' is dotted and every 't' is crossed. I want this case to count being that an innocent young man's life was taken."

"Good," Gibbs replied. "That will give us two days to wrap up this cold case we're looking into. I'm using it as a teaching tool for Brian and Justin. Don't worry, it has no ties to anything sensitive to naval material nor any army. Justin found a tie to a mob family. Maybe when we're done, you could arrest another dirt bag."

"I look forward to that one," Fornell said. "How old is the

case?"

"It was my first case at NIS," Gibbs stated.

"That is old," Fornell said. "Now let me get to the office and I will let you know when."

"Thank you," Brian said as he shook his hand. "I want to thank you for helping us with this case. We will need to see the Mayor of Pittsburgh to inform him of the arrest of his Police Chief."

"I will set it up also," Fornell replied. "It will be my pleasure to arrest the dirt bag. It's people like that that gives this nation a bad reputation."

The gang watched as Fornell left.

The next two days, Gibbs and his team with Brian and Justin got the arrest warrant and search warrant together. They arrested Balducci and found the gun.

When Gibbs was interrogating Balducci, the rest of Gibbs' team along with Brian and Justin were watching in the observation room.

Brian was impressed with Gibbs' interrogation methods. It would come in handy when he went to talk to victims or suspects after he opened his own investigation office.

After two hours of interrogations, Gibbs had the man confessing to the murder of the Stettler's and other murders. Gibbs arrested Balducci. He then called Fornell to let him know that he had Balducci in custody.

While Fornell's people were putting the final touches on the case for Pittsburgh, he came over to NCIS and took a look at the file of Gibbs' first case.

"Did you get him to confess about the family?" Fornell asked as he kept reading.

"No but he will sing now that he knows many secrets of the family," Gibbs replied. "I told him that the FBI may have a few questions for him."

"Thanks Gibbs," Fornell stated. "I'll work on the Pittsburgh case while the DA looks into this case. When we come back to DC after Pittsburgh, then I will question him on the family."

"Thanks Fornell," Gibbs replied. "Tobias, I want to thank you for all you have done for me. I've already told Vance but I'm going to retire after this case is done. Tony is coming with me. We want to have a life so we're moving to Pittsburgh. I'm not waiting for DADT to vanish. I want to live my life in the open like Justin and Brian."

"You mean those two areâ€¦," Tobias started to say.

"Yes, they've been together for four years out in the open. I want that with Tony. Brian is going to suggest that Tony be head of the detectives and if that falls through then he will be partners with

Brian and Justin. The three of them would be as great if not greater than what I have now with the three of them."

"I don't blame you, Gibbs," Fornell replied. "If you need any help moving, I will be there. Where are you going?"

"I have property just outside of Pittsburgh. Brian and Justin are going to move in. There's lots of room. So now let me wrap up my first case and then hand everything over to you."

"Good," Fornell replied. "I hope things work out for you. Could you have McGee send everything over to me. I know how you are with electronics. I'm the same way."

"Will do," Gibbs stated.

Each went their separate ways to close this case. With the evidence that Abby had on the guns, it would put more dirt bags in jail and that's the way Fornell liked things.

TBC

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*Chapter 5\*\*

Two days later, Fornell entered the NCIS building at 7 AM. He felt like he was on cloud nine with all the information the FBI needed to take down one James Stockwell, Gary Saperstein, and some of Pittsburgh's police for taking bribes. As he got off the elevator, he noticed Brian and Justin talking to Tony at his desk.

He walked up to Gibbs' desk.

"Good morning, Jethro," Fornell said enthusiastically.

"What's got you in a good mood?"

"I'm ready to go put some dirt bags behind bars. Are you coming?"

Gibbs watched as Vance came down the staircase. Vance also had a smile on his face.

"Director," Gibbs said.

"I just got off the phone with SecNav and your boss Fornell. I am here to inform you that she gave you all permission to use her private plane this morning to go arrest those who are dirty. It's ready when you are."

"Good," Fornell replied. "Thank her for that. As for Pittsburgh, we have an appointment at 11 AM to see the Mayor and tell him what's been going on in his police department. I faxed all information to the Pittsburgh FBI and they will be waiting at the airport to pick us up. Ready to go then?"

Fornell then turned to the trio at Tony's desk. He looked right at Brian. "Hey you ready to go arrest your first 'dirt bag' as Gibbs

calls them?"

"You got everything?" Brian asked as he got up from his chair and walked over to Fornell.

"We got everything," Fornell replied. "We also found eleven police officers that were taking bribes, money laundering, drugs, tampering with evidence and a few other crimes. They won't see the light of day. I've informed Pittsburgh FBI that they will do the arresting as it is their jurisdiction. We all have an appointment to see Mayor Deakins at 11 AM this morning."

"It's finally over," Justin whispered. He looked right into Brian's eyes and saw happiness for the first time in a long time. Somehow he knew they would be celebrating tonight.

Just then there was a clomping on the floor. Justin looked up and Abby was there with a box in her hands.

"I packed this baby back up and now you can use it to arrest that dirt bag." Abby put the box down on Gibbs' desk.

"Thanks Abbs," Gibbs replied as he got up and kissed her cheek.

"Agent Fornell," Abby began to say as she pulled out a sheet of paper, "you need to sign this for chain of command." She then turned to Brian. "Did you see what I did there?"

"I see now," Brian stated. "You make sure that everything is in good order so that if 'chain of command' breaks then evidence is no longer viable to use in court."

"By George, I think he's got it," Abby replied and made her way over to Brian. "If by any chance you need my help after you open your agency, don't hesitate to call. Even if it's to chat."

"Thanks Abby, you're the best." Brian gave her a hug. "Wow, now that's what I call an 'Abby hug'. By the way, I love your outfits especially the collars."

"Thanks," she replied and smiled. "Now go get your dirt bags off the streets. I'll be waiting to see what happens on the news."

Vance walked up to Gibbs and Fornell. "SecNav says to take as long as you like in Pittsburgh. She doesn't need the plane for the next two days."

"Thanks, Director," Gibbs whispered. "We'll be back late tomorrow."

"Okay then," Vance replied and turned to everyone. "Have a safe trip."

"I will meet you all at the airport in one hour," Fornell stated. "Will that give you enough time?"

"Yeah, it will," Gibbs replied. "Tony, Brian, Justin, you're with me."

"What do you want us to do, Gibbs?" David asked.

"Take the next two days off," Vance said. "You've earned it."

"Thanks Director," McGee said.

"Yes, thank you Director," David replied.

Both grabbed their gear and left the building.

When the four got into the elevator, Brian looked at Tony. "Bring your personnel file with you."

Tony just stared at Brian and nodded.

Tony left his car at the garage while the four of them piled into Gibbs' car. They went to Tony's and the three of them packed. Tony made sure that he brought his personnel file with him like Brian instructed. Then they went to Gibbs' so he could pack. By 8:30 they were headed to Pittsburgh in the plane.

When they exited the plane in Pittsburgh, two FBI agents that Fornell knew from years ago came up to them.

"Mac, good to see you again," Fornell said as they shook hands.

"Tobias, good to see you again as well," Mac replied. "How was the flight?"

"Considering we have the Secretary of the Navy's plane, it was smooth. Everything ready?"

"Yes. We got the arrest warrants and search warrants."

"I should introduce you to everyone," Fornell stated. "This is Special Agent Leroy Jethro Gibbs and Special Agent Tony DiNozzo of NCIS. These other two are Private Investigator Brian Kinney and his business partner Justin Taylor. This man here is Special Agent Mac McGill of the Pittsburgh FBI."

"Mr. Kinney, nice to finally meet the man who stopped Stockwell in becoming Mayor," Mac replied. "I hear that you were the one who found a murderer in our midst. If it's alright with you, I would like for you to handcuff Stockwell as I read him his rights. After all, it is your case that will put him behind bars."

"I would like that very much, Agent McGill," Brian answered.

"Call me Mac. After all this is done, if you need any help, just come to me. I hear it's good to have people in high places as contacts."

"Thanks, Mac. Now what's next?" Brian questioned.

"Well, now we go to Mayor Deakins and inform him that he has a dirty cop in charge. Then we will go to the Chief of Police's office and arrest his sorry ass."

"Mac, I would like to talk to Mayor Deakins after you talk to him," Brian stated. "I have some plans of my own to put forward."

"All right, then, let's go."

Fornell and Mac got into one vehicle with Gibbs and Justin while Tony took Brian to the other vehicle with two other agents. They made their way through the city until they came up to City Hall.

They all showed their credentials and security took them up to Mayor Deakins' office. The secretary nodded to Mac as they entered the office.

"Mayor Deakins, how are you?" Mac asked. "I'm glad you made time for us this morning."

"Agent McGill, good to see you again," Deakins replied. "When you called, I couldn't believe what a messed up police force I have."

"That's why we're here," Mac replied. Introductions were made with the other men.

"Now, what can I do for you?" Deakins asked.

"We're here to arrest your Chief of Police on grounds of murder, evidence tampering, money laundering, drug possession and that's just for starters."

"Mr Kinney, how did you get involved in this?"

"Your Honor, we were sent a letter that stated Stockwell was the one who murdered Reichert and that Christopher Hobbs was the one who murdered Jason Kemp. I got involved with friends who are in law enforcement and together we came up with evidence that Stockwell murdered Reichert and Hobbs murdered Kemp. We all agreed that there should have been an outside investigation done on this and there wasn't. Even Captain Horvath, who is a personal friend said the same thing. While investigating Stockwell, we found other things that he was doing behind your back. He had a drug dealer in his back pocket as well as he was stealing from the evidence locker."

"I never knew this." Deakins was flabbergasted. "What do you plan on doing with this?"

"We have a warrant for his arrest for murder and other charges. As we speak, FBI is arresting Christopher Hobbs for murder and hate crimes." Mac looked to Justin. "We know what happened and since a hate crime falls under FBI jurisdiction, he will be arrested by us. We found evidence that went missing during your trial and we reopened it."

"Thank you," Justin whispered. Tears flowed down his face knowing that he now would get justice.

Deakins just shook his head. Then he looked to Brian. "What am I going to do for a Chief of Police?" Somehow, knowing Brian the way he did when he helped Stockwell campaign for Mayor, that he would be a value of information.

"I would suggest you put Captain Carl Horvath in that position. He's a great man to have on your side and he will get things done. He was the one who gave me the old case on Jason Kemp's murder. I also would like to suggest that to fill the seat of Captain of Detectives, you give this man, Special Agent Tony DiNozzo, that job. Tony?"

Tony handed over his personnel file.

"Are you serious!" Deakins exclaimed as he looked at the file. "I always wanted to shake the hand of the man who took down the mob in Baltimore." He stood up from his chair and held out his hand.

Tony looked at it and placed his inside. "Thanks, your Honor."

"I also see here that you are one of the few people to receive a Gold Badge so young. That is a great honor. If you want the job, it's yours."

"You don't want to give me an interview?" Tony asked.

"Not with credentials like this. I see in your file that you have worked for NCIS for twelve years. I hear that there is a man called Gibbs that's hard to work for."

"That would be me." Gibbs stepped forward. "I may be a hard ass but I want the best for my agents. Tony, here, became one of the best when we worked a case in Baltimore together. I knew right from the start that he would make a great agent. If you hire him, you will have a friend for life and a man you can trust."

"That's what I'm looking for right now," Deakins stated. "When can you start?"

"Not for a couple of months," Tony explained. "I have things to do in DC before we move up here. Would it be possible to put someone in my seat temporarily and be willing to be my PA when I take over the position?"

"I have someone in mind," Deakins replied. "I have a Captain Patrick Nelson who could help you out there. He loves paper work but going into the field is not what he wants. I will make him temporary Captain and give him the same wage when he becomes your PA. Can I keep this file for the new Chief of Police?"

"Sure," Tony replied. "It will be great to have someone to help. Just to let you know and it doesn't go any further than this office: I'm gay and Gibbs is my partner. We keep it out of work."

"That's all right in my books," Deakins replied. "I have a gay brother and his partner is wonderful. Now when do you want to go over to the Chief's office?"

"We want this done as quickly as possible," Mac replied. "Would you like to come?"

"No, I don't want to be seen with shit like that." He looked up when he said his statement. There were a few smiles. "Give me five minutes with my secretary and you will have a letter of termination for Stockwell."

Deakins came back with an envelope. "Give this to him, Mac. I'll talk to Horvath while you're arresting his sorry ass. Good luck."

They left Deakins office and went to their vehicles.

Brian looked to Tony. "Want some fun?" Brian asked.

"Sure."

Brian got on the phone with a reporter from the Pittsburgh Post Gazette. After a few minutes of talking, he closed up his phone.

"As we come out of the police station, there are going to be reporters out there. Give Gibbs a call to inform their team."

Tony got on his phone and talked to Gibbs. He was laughing as he hung up.

"Do I want to know?" Brian asked.

"No," Tony said laughing.

The two vehicles pulled up to the police station that housed the Chief of Police. They all walked in and Mac took the lead. They followed him until they reached Stockwell's office.

"We're here to see the Chief," Mac stated as he pulled his ID out of his pocket.

When the secretary saw the ID, she nodded and got up from her desk to open the door.

Stockwell looked up from his desk as seven men entered his office.  
"What is the meaning of this?"

"Chief Stockwell," Mac began to say, "I am Special Agent Mac McGill with the FBI. This letter is to you from His Honor."

Stockwell read the letter and looked up. "What does this mean?"

"It means that you are no longer Chief of Police. You are under arrest for murder, evidence tampering, drug possession and a few other charges that will be explained later. Please stand and turn around."

"You can't do this!" Stockwell shouted. He then looked to his secretary. "Get me my lawyer!"

"Brian, would you like to do the honors?" Mac asked.

"My pleasure," Brian stated. He took the cuffs from Mac and placed them hard on Stockwell's wrists. "You are going to finally get what you deserved," Brian whispered so that no one else could hear them. Brian then handed him off to the other two agents that him and Tony came with. "That is one less dirt bag off the streets." He looked around at the other men and he gave Justin a high-five.

Just then the office door opened and in walked Carl Horvath.

"Brian, am I hearing right?" Carl asked. "Is Stockwell under

arrest?"

"Yes, Carl," Brian replied. "How did you hear this?"

"Well, there is a crowd outside with reporters saying that Stockwell was responsible for the death of Reichert."

"Carl, let me introduce the men who helped us take him down."

After introductions were made, other FBI officers entered the office and started boxing up files.

"I also got a call from Mayor Deakins saying he wanted me to be the next Chief of Police. Can you believe this?"

"Yes I can," Brian replied. "And in a couple of months, this man right here, Special Agent Tony DiNozzo will be your Captain of Detectives. He was hired after he talked with Mayor Deakins. Tony, meet the new Chief of Police, Carl Horvath. Carl is part of my family. I got to know him when he was involved in the Jason Kemp murder. He's one man who will have your back. Chief, this is Tony DiNozzo. I have known him for a long time. He's one person who will have your back and can be trusted 100 percent. Now, if you don't mind, Chief, we have other police officers to arrest. We found four officers in Detectives who tampered with evidence in the Jason Kemp murder."

"How many officers are being arrested, Agent McGill?" Carl asked.

"We have a total of eleven. There were also two officers in evidence that will be arrested for tampering with evidence as well as theft of police property. Stockwell sure knew how to pick officers willing to break the law. We have two men on their way to Babylon to arrest Gary Sapperstein. He sold drugs to people and Stockwell supplied them. As of right now, Babylon will no longer be opened."

There was a gasp in the crowd. Justin didn't know what to say as he looked at Brian. Brian came to him and looked him in the eyes. What Justin saw in them was hope. He then nodded and looked to Tony.

"I will go talk to my detectives then," Carl stated and left the other men. He went and picked up his temporary Captain, Patrick Nelson, after having a talk with Mayor Deakins.

All the people involved in the Stockwell affair were brought down. When FBI walked into the detectives bull pen, four FBI agents were taking four officers into custody. This made the other detectives puzzled as to what was going on. Just then, Chief of Police Horvath walked into the room with a file under his arm.

"Can I have your attention please," Carl shouted a bit over the noise. "The FBI are here to arrest these men because they were involved in illegal activity pertaining to former Chief of Police Stockwell. You heard right. I am now the Chief of Police effective immediately. This man standing beside me, Captain Patrick Nelson, will be taking my job for two months before turning over that job to Anthony DiNozzo, Jr. who will be your new Captain."

As Carl was making his statement, you could have heard a pin drop in

the room.

"Tony DiNozzo? The man who took down the Macaluso family in Baltimore?" one detective exclaimed.

"The same man," Carl replied. "I know that DiNozzo is well liked in Washington DC so I want the same respect for him here."

"We all know Tony, Chief," replied Nelson. "When you work in law enforcement you know who the great ones are. He's one of the great ones."

"Good to know," Carl said, turning to Nelson. "Now, let me show you to your office that you will have for two months and I will have a desk for you in the bull pen outside Tony's door before Tony arrives. It will be your job to train him on the strengths and weaknesses of each detective. If he goes out into the field, you make sure that he has a detective at his side. He has trained other agents in Washington, so all of you will learn on how to be great detectives. I see this unit becoming one of the best with his credentials." He then handed a file to Nelson. "This file is the personnel file on DiNozzo. I want you to read it over and get to know the man. He will be your responsibility while he's here."

"Thanks, Chief," Nelson replied and took the file. "I will make sure that Captain DiNozzo feels at home here. I will also have each personnel file on the detectives ready when the Captain arrives. He can take his time at learning each of his men. By the end of today, I will know Captain DiNozzo inside and out. I will also get two detectives to reopen cases on the officers who were arrested. They haven't been here very long so it should be easy to gather their cases."

"Good man," Carl replied. "I will leave you to it then." Then Carl left.

Nelson looked over his men and knew that Carl was right: this squad will become one of the best.

TBC

## 6. Chapter 6

Two weeks later

Gibbs and Tony were sitting in the bull pen when McGee and David walked into the room. Gibbs had gotten a phone call from Vance to meet with all of them and Balboa along with his SIC Marshal.

"Morning Gibbs," "Morning Boss," were both said at the same time when the other two entered the bull pen.

"Morning," Gibbs replied. "Before any of you get started on cold cases, we have a meeting with Vance." Gibbs rose from his chair and looked at Balboa. "You, too, and bring Marshall."

All six of them went up the stairs to the Director's office. McGee and David looked at each other. Something was up.

"Come," was said inside the office when Gibbs knocked.

"Have a seat the conference table," Vance began. "I want to congratulate you Gibbs and your team along with new friends on solving your first cold case. I got a phone call from Fornell this morning and he told me they have arrested Balducci and Mancuso for murdering the Stettler's. They also have found evidence that the gun was used in other murders. They will be going away for life, thanks to all of you."

"Now, I have talked to SecNav and we are going to be changing the guard so to speak about MCRT. Gibbs, I have received your retirement package and everything will be in order in two months. Will that suit you?"

"Yes, Director."

"What's going on Gibbs?" David asked.

"I'm retiring from NCIS," Gibbs said. "I wanted to close my first cold case and I did it with all your help. I thank you. But it's time for me to leave."

"Agent DiNozzo, I have received your letter of resignation effective in two months. Are you certain?" Vance asked.

"Yes, Director. I, also, am moving on. While in Pittsburgh, I was offered the job of Captain of Detectives under the new Chief of Police, Carl Horvath. The Mayor took one look at my file and hired me on the spot. It will be a great opportunity to be in charge of eighteen detectives and give them guidance on how to work cases now that I have worked with the best. I want to thank you Director Vance for your guidance in making me a better person. I never would have learned anything if it hadn't been for this team." He then turned to McGee and David. "I also want to thank you for training me. There were things I didn't even know and I thank you for your guidance. It wasn't easy to train two new probies but with that training, I can now take it to the next level in training officers of the law."

"No, Tony, not you too," McGee stated. "What are we going to do without you?"

"That's where this meeting comes in," Vance said. "I have had a talk with SecNav and until Gibbs and Tony leave you two, Agent McGee and Agent David, are going to be trained to be Second in Command to your new Team Leaders. SecNav and I have decided to forgo the option of having a Master's Degree with the position. During that time in your new positions, both of you will be going to school to get those degrees. I would advise you both to take criminal investigation courses that pertain to your new jobs. I understand that there are courses you can take online and still get credit for them so that you can get a Master's Degree earlier."

"Yes Director," McGee agreed.

"Yes, Director," David repeated.

"Gibbs, I would like you to train Marshal for one month on how to be a Team Leader. He will be taking over the second unit. Tony, I want

you to train McGee on how to be a Second in Command agent. Agent Balboa, you are going to train Agent David to be a Second in Command agent for the second unit. Then after one month, Gibbs will train Balboa to take over the MCRT. This way we will still have four people in each unit at one time. Then when Gibbs and Tony leave, Balboa, you will move over to Gibbs' desk and Agent McGee will move to Tony's desk. I've had a call from Agent Dornegat and Agent Barrett to join your team."

"Director Vance, I couldn't have better people on my team. Both wanted to know if there were positions on any team. Dornegat worked well on my team when Mac had his surgery. I heard Gibbs a few years ago ask EJ to jump ship, so to speak, and she said maybe in a few years. She now wants in. Thank you."

"You're welcome," Vance said. "I have asked those two to start today to get a feel for your team, Agent Balboa. We'll put them at the end with the two desks until then. I want to start this today. If a case comes up, it will be work as usual. When cases are done, training continues. Cold cases will have a back burner for a while but keep in mind that when things pop up on cold cases, work them like any other case. Now, get to work."

Everyone left the room and headed down to the bull pen. David emptied her desk so that Marshal could take over. She then deposited her stuff in the empty desk of Marshal's to be trained. She met her new partners Ken Petit who was a whiz at computers and Charles MacMillan or 'Mac' who was a naval officer that got a medical discharge because of an inner ear problem which got corrected with surgery.

Ned Dornegat and EJ Barrett moved into the two desks at the end of the bull pen. When a case was called in, the six team member went out into the field where Gibbs trained Marshal on assignments.

After one month, Gibbs gave his furniture to Good Will. He kept some of Shannon's and Kelly's mementoes and pictures. Some things he couldn't part with and sent them to the Pittsburgh farm. He then moved in with Tony.

Tony, on the other hand, got his place ready to sell. Since he purchased his condo, he made it a home. But one thing he wouldn't part with was the baby grand piano. He was moving that to the Pittsburgh farm. His place got bought two weeks after he put it on the market but the new owners agreed that they would take possession at the end of next month.

At the end of the first month, Tony and Gibbs had a going away party at Tony's. Abby, Ducky, Palmer, Vance, Jackie and the kids, the two new teams of MCRT and a few friends were invited. There were tears and laughter.

After two months were over, Balboa moved to Gibbs' desk; McGee moved to Tony's desk; EJ Barrett took over David's desk and Dornegat moved into McGee's desk. There was a party going on in the bull pen for the departure of Tony and Gibbs. Everyone was going to miss them.

Vance stood on the balcony overlooking the bull pen. He remembered the day he arrived and stood there watching the MCRT team working on a case. He smiled knowing that Gibbs and Tony were going to be all right and he had another great team trained by the best.

Now was the start of a new day. In the bull pen were Balboa, McGee, Dornegat and Barrett, his new MCRT team.

QAF/NCIS

While that was going on in Washington, Brian and Justin were setting up their new offices in Pittsburgh not far from the police station where Tony would be taking over the Captain of Detectives job.

Chief Horvath put another captain, Captain Patrick Nelson, in charge for a couple of months until Tony arrived. He didn't mind becoming Tony's PA with the same pay. Nelson was better at paper work than being Captain.

While all this was going on, the case of Stockwell vs. the state of Pennsylvania, went on without any problems. When Stockwell was found guilty of many charges, he was sentenced to life in prison. With him being a former Chief of Police, he was well guarded. After sentencing, the judge reopened cases where evidence was tampered with.

Brian and Justin had called for a family meeting. They were to meet at the loft for supper which was sent out.

After everyone was seated, Brian got up. "Can I have everyone's attention?"

After the noise settled down, Justin stood beside his partner.

"Justin and I want to let you know that we have opened a private investigators business not far from Carl's precinct."

There was silence for two minutes until Mikey spoke up.

"What the hell Brian?" Mikey asked. "I thought you were going to go into business for yourself with advertising."

"I didn't know what I was going to do until a certain letter landed in our laps. You all heard of what happened to Stockwell? Well, Justin and I had help with that. I dusted off my other degree and opened our offices. Carl helped us with a few things and we went to DC to get more help. We made new friends in law enforcement. While there, we helped with a cold case and solved a double murder that involved a mob family. Now, Carl would you like to tell them the good, sorry, great news."

"Well, as Stockwell was being arrested I was put in as Chief of Police. Brian recommended me for the job and I thank you Brian."

"You're welcome, Chief. Man, I'm going to have to get used to that. We are also moving. We have been given the opportunity to live on a ranch. Our new friends are moving just outside Pittsburgh. One of my good friends is going to be taking over Carl's job as Captain of Detectives while his partner is going to work his ranch."

"What going to happen to the loft?" Deb asked.

"We're going to keep it," Brian replied. "If we are working on a case then we will have someplace to stay when it gets late. By the way, the locks have been changed. The only ones who will be getting a key are Jethro Gibbs and Tony DiNozzo. They are the guys that we are going to live with."

"But what about going to Babylon?" Mikey asked.

"Right now there is no Babylon," Justin replied. "The FBI closed it down when Sap was arrested. It was used to sell drugs so they closed the doors."

"What the hell!" Mikey yelled. "Where are we going to dance?"

"I don't know Mikey," Brian replied. "I can't worry about that right now. I have a business to run and will not have time to party anymore. Besides, aren't we getting to old for that?"

Mikey just bowed his head. He didn't want anyone to know that Brian was his life and now Brian was deserting him.

"Brian," Carl began, "I don't know if anyone told you but I'm hiring both of you to clean up those cases that were tampered with. I got an order from the judge that we need outside help and from what I saw about the Stockwell case, you guys did a great job. I got the okay from Mayor Deakins to hire you both. If you need help, let me know. The two detectives that were arrested weren't there for very long. I hired them only four years ago so there won't be many cases."

"Thanks Chief," Brian replied. "I know of someone who can give us a hand. He was in charge of his own team in DC and he said he would give us a hand with cases. His name is Leroy Jethro Gibbs."

"I met him," Carl replied. "He will be a great asset as well as his partner."

"I'm happy for you kiddo," Deb replied as she got up and hugged to two of them. "If you need help moving, I'll be there."

"We won't be moving much stuff but thanks," Brian replied. "Only some of our clothes."

The rest of the gang congratulated them and spend the night talking. Mikey wasn't happy with what was going on but he never let on that he was losing his best friend.

After they opened their office, Brian and Justin got to work with the two detectives who were put on the case of opening the cases that were tampered with. Detective John MacMillan and Detective Stephen James, two seasoned officers, were to be their partners until the cases went to court.

Eight weeks after opening their office, Brian and Justin took off to check out the property that Gibbs owned. It was a massive house with three barns and other buildings. There was a five car garage attached to one of the buildings but not far from the house.

They met the manager, Keith Toupin.

"Hi, you must be Brian and Justin?" Keith asked as he shook their hands.

"Yes," Brian stated. "Gibbs told me all about you."

"I understand Mr. Gibbs wants both of you to take over one side of the house while him and his partner take over the other side?"

"That's the plan," Justin replied. "Could we have a look around?"

"Sure," Keith answered. "Before you ask, we breed horses here. It's been in the Gibbs family for over eighty years and each manager of the business is trained by the previous one to make sure that only the best is done to them. You can exercise the horses if you want. Do you both ride?"

"I did when I was younger," Justin replied. "But never got the chance lately."

"I've had a couple lessons a few years ago," Brian replied.

"Excellent, then you will be good to go," Keith stated. "When you need a hand there are people here that could help you. I have ten other employees who do work here. I have two who are Vet Doctors and eight who do manual labour. They keep the building clean and make sure the horses are exercised. Right now we have four horses that are pregnant. One is due next month before Mr. Gibbs arrives."

"It's been a long time since I saw a foal being born," Justin said excitedly.

"What do you do for a living, if you don't mind me asking?" Keith asked.

"We opened a private investigators agency close to the police department," Brian replied. "Just to let you know, Justin and I are partners in business as well as in life."

"It doesn't bother me," Keith said. "I've known that Mr. Gibbs has been gay for sometime. Him and Mr. Tony have spent time here when on holidays. By the way, I will be calling you Mr. Brian and Mr. Justin. Is that alright with you?"

"That's fine," Justin replied. "Now can we look at the house?"

"Yes," Keith stated. He then went into his pocket for keys and slipped two off a ring. "Here's the key for the front door. Each of you will have a key. I have to go check on something but make yourself at home. Mr. Gibbs told me to expect you."

"Thanks, Mr. Keith." Justin snickered.

Keith had a big smile on his face at the name and walked into one of the barns.

Brian and Justin walked into the house and gasped. They couldn't

believe the open space at the front door. There were two grand staircases that went up each side of the room. Justin walked over to a table that stood in the hall and picked up a letter addressed to both of them.

\_Brian and Justin,\_

\_If you're reading this then you have arrived at your new home. If your standing where I think you are standing, take the staircase on your right. It leads up to the side of the house that will be yours.\_

\_Tony and I have been busy and will be arriving soon. I have sent boxes to the property and had Keith put them in the garage. You can park your cars there.\_

\_In front of you is the entrance to the back yard where there is a cabana, pool and Jacuzzi. Under our side of the house is a large library with many books for reference in crimes and an exercise room. Please use these rooms. We will set up a section of the library for an office of sorts so that you can brainstorm at home with us if you need help. \_

\_On your side is a dinning room and a large kitchen. MJ takes care of the cooking so you don't have to. Just make sure that you call her if you're not going to be home for meals. There is also a large table and chairs to eat in the kitchen.\_

\_Please make yourselves at home and we'll see you soon.\_

\_Jethro and Tony \_

"Well, we're to make ourselves at home according to Jethro," Justin said. "When are we moving in?"

"Do you want to live here, Justin?"

"Yeah, I would, Brian. Listen, I know you want to live in town but think of the opportunities out here. No traffic, no one to interrupt us during sex, no one pounding on the door at 2 AM, no Deb calling you a 'little shit' because Mikey did something wrong. A Jacuzzi when you need to relax after chasing down a suspect. Horses to ride. The best part, we have our own side of a house. Brian is something wrong?"

"No. I wanted to make sure you were all for this. I also want those things. No one knows me like you do. Since this thing with Stockwell, it has changed me. Seeing Tony again, makes me realize what family is all about. You don't know this but Tony was raised the same way as me: we each had abusive fathers. That's one thing we share. Tony and I became brothers. I know we have family in Pittsburgh but with Mel and Lindsey moving to Canada with the kids and Mikey married to the Professor, it's like our family is growing apart. The only family I have left are you, Deb, Carl, Ted, Emmett and now Jethro and Tony. I also have a surprise for you."

"What is it?"

"You remember when Mac from the FBI said they were closing down Babylon because of the drugs? Well, I talked to Mac a few days ago

and he said that when this case with Stockwell is over and done, that I can purchase the building for next to nothing. With all the work that was done on it after the explosion, it's just going to sit there. Mac said we could get it for a bargain and when that happens, I will have first choice. I told him it was where we met. I'm going to ask Ted if he wants to manage it for me. He's been clean for months now and I trust him."

"Brian, I love you." Justin then wrapped his arms around Brian's neck and dragged him down to his height to kiss him. They were in a passionate kiss when they heard someone clear their throat.

"It's nice to see love again in this home," MJ stated. She was a slim girl with muscle in her late thirties dressed in jeans and a t-shirt.

"Hi," Justin turned red as he wrapped his arms around Brian's waist.

"Mary Jane but you can call me MJ." MJ held out her hand. "You must be Brian and Justin. Welcome to your new house. I received a letter from Mr. Gibbs about your arrival. Anything I need to know?"

"A few things about eating," Brian replied. "Justin has no allergies. I don't eat carbs after 7PM. We are up at the crack of six. I like coffee first thing. Jethro told us to call you if we're not home for meals which we can do. Anything you need to know?"

"I would like to know when you both are moving in?" MJ asked.

"In the next couple of weeks," Brian stated. "We just opened our private investigator's agency so we can move in anytime. Just one question: is there a small fridge in our bedroom? We tend to drink lots of water."

"Mr. Gibbs suggested one in each bedroom," MJ replied. "It's a long ways to the kitchen when you work up a 'sweat'." She wiggled her eyebrows at them.

Justin could help but chuckle. "I like this woman. Do you have help with this house?"

"Yes. Mr. Gibbs has hired a cleaning crew to come in twice a week. Do you cook, Mr. Justin?"

"Yes I do when I have the time."

"Well, you can use my kitchen when you want. Just let me know what you are cooking and I will get the things ready for you. I will even help if you want. Mr. Tony is the same way when they come for vacations."

"That would be great. Now, Brian and I are going to check out the rest of this castle and we'll meet you in the kitchen if that's all right."

"I will have coffee on when you are ready and a snack."

"Thanks," Brian replied as he grabbed Justin's hand and went up the right staircase.

For the next half hour, Brian and Justin roamed the house. Justin couldn't believe the library when he stepped into it.

"WOW!" Justin exclaimed. "I never saw a library this big." He walked around the room admiring the books. He noticed that some were first editions behind glass. There was even a large section on research books for crimes. "This must be Jethro's collection. I'm going to love this library."

"I know, me too," Brian replied as he sat at a desk that looked like an antique. "This desk must be a hundred years old." He looked closer and noticed that there were many marks adorning the surface. It was a massive desk: made of mahogany and at least seven feet long. It contained five drawers on each side. On the top was a lamp, a holder for pens and pencils, and a blotter. But what surprised him was the ink and quill. It, too, looked like an antique. Brian left like he just walked into a Sam Spade episode of the Maltese Falcon. This was the kind of desk he needed.

"What do you think of the library?" Brian asked.

"I think I'm going to love it here," Justin replied. "We could set up the office in one corner so that Jethro's desk still takes up the library." Justin noticed how Brian was running his hands over the desk. "Would you like me to leave the two of you alone?"

Brian looked up and saw Justin snicker. "No, but I would like to fuck you over this desk sometime."

"As if that's going to happen. Jethro would kill you and then I would have to run the agency alone. Not going to happen."

"I know," Brian said as he got up. "This is one kick ass library. We could brainstorm here after hours if we get caught on a case. Jethro did say he would help if we needed it. I have a funny feeling that we are going to employ another investigator."

"What do you mean?" Justin asked.

"Jethro is going to get bored. I've been doing some thinking and how would you like it if Jethro was hired part time? With his experience, we could solve cases faster. Besides, with those cases that we have been hired for, we are going to need some help. He's worked many cold cases and maybe this is what he needs right now. I know he has a ranch to deal with but he has Mr. Keith to do that for him. I know he will get bored especially when Tony goes to work in the morning."

"I think you could be right," Justin replied. "Okay, we'll hire him. But it's to be on his terms. He may not want to work right now being that he's training new personnel to take over the MCRT. You don't think that Vance will put anyone on this team? He will want the best and besides who would you have to train them? He'll want a vacation after that is done. Why don't we ask him when he arrives?"

"After who arrives?" Jethro said from the doorway with Tony standing beside him.

"Buckeye!"

"Carney!"

Tony and Brian hugged.

"Am I going to hear that every time you two meet?" Justin asked.

"Only when we are apart," Tony replied, letting Brian go. "Now what were you saying?"

"We were discussing if Jethro wanted to be hired part-time to work a few cases. We got the job of cleaning up the mess that was created by two detectives who were arrested in your department, Tony. We found fourteen cases we need to clean up. We've been partnered with Detectives MacMillan and James to go over the files. Yes, MacMillan is related to Mac from the FBI. They're brothers."

"I would like that very much," Jethro stated. "But there will be conditions. I want to work under both of you. I'm tired of being in charge and would be willing to hand over the reigns to both of you. If you want me to do something, I will."

"No Jethro," Brian stated. "You will work along side of us. There will be no boss. We will all be working to better ourselves. You will get to know Pittsburgh and we will learn from the best. I want this agency to succeed not go underground. I had a talk with Mayor Deakins and we realized that there is no 'Child Find' in this city. With my background in advertising, I will be setting up a 'Child Find'. Mayor Deakins has given us permission to go through their cold cases and find children that have gone missing. I will set up this operation on the computer and send fliers to other precincts."

"Brian, that's a great idea," Jethro stated. "I think we all have a soft spot for children and if you want I could take care of that for you. Electronics don't like me but if you set it up, I will be willing to take it over for you. This way you can work on your cases and not have to worry about the kids. It will be in great hands."

"I was going to suggest that, Jethro," Brian said. "After hearing about your family, which by the way I'm sorry to hear, I thought you would be the ideal partner for that. Besides, we haven't got experience working with lost kids. Did you have cases in DC?"

"Yes we did," Tony replied. "A few years ago, Jet was shot by a kid in Israel. He was brainwashed into believing he was a soldier. These were kids who were hired from the internet. If it hadn't been for a certain doctor, I could have lost Jet."

"But you didn't and I'm here now," Jethro replied as he took Tony into his arms.

"Then I will leave you in charge, we could find some missing kids" Brian questioned.

"Yes, I will find those kids." Jethro went to his desk and sat. "I hear you want this desk, Brian."

"How did you know? You just got here," Brian stated.

"I should have told you both," Tony said as he took up his position

to Jethro's right. "Jet has this sixth sense. It was one thing that shocked us in DC. Jet knows everything. Bet it made you feel like Sam Spade?"

"Yeah it did," Brian chuckled. "Who's desk was it?"

"My great grandfather's, Jackson Leroy Gibbs. My father was named after him and so was I. The funny thing is, is that I was actually named after my Dad's business partner in the store he now owns. His name was Leroy Jethro Moore. If you want it, Brian, it's yours. It's too big for me. I think you will do great work behind this desk." Jethro then snickered.

"See I told you," Brian said as he looked at Justin.

Everyone laughed at the gesture.

"If anyone is hungry, I have dinner on the table," MJ said from the doorway.

"How did you know they would be here?" Justin asked.

"Mr. Gibbs called me before he left DC," MJ replied. "Now get your butts into the kitchen before it gets cold." With that, MJ left the room.

"Does she talk like that all the time?" Brian asked as the four men left the library.

"Yeah, she does," Jethro replied. "But I wouldn't have hired her twelve years ago if she couldn't put up with the rest of the crew. Besides, she's a great girl when you get to know her."

"I'll keep that in mind," Brian said.

The four men sat down around the table that took up the kitchen.

"Why are we seated in the kitchen?" Justin asked.

"The dinning room is left for gatherings," Jethro stated as he took up the mashed potatoes. "I hate eating in there. It's like I'm king of my castle. I don't like that. I want this to feel like a home. I get that in here. Besides, if you want, MJ you can join us for meals."

"I would very much like that, Mr. Gibbs," MJ replied. She got herself a place setting and joined the four men. "Now, tell me about yourselves, Mr. Brian and Mr. Justin."

Both men snickered as they told her their story. Everyone around the table had great conversations about getting to know one another.

Brian nudged Justin foot under the table. When Justin looked up, he noticed the atmosphere. Justin turned to Brian.

"Your right," Justin stated.

"About what?" Tony asked.

"Family," Brian replied.

Everyone looked at each other and laughed.

"Here's to family," Jethro said as he rose his beer.

"Here's to family," Brian replied.

All the beers were clinked and there were smiles on each of their faces.

Jethro looked at Brian and somehow he knew that this was the start of a great friendship.

THE END (maybe)

End  
file.